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MARCH 6, 1957

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IN SEARCH OF A NAME

THE naming of Sydney's "National Opera House" has now become as controversial as the building's design.

Suggestions include "Sydney Musical Arts House," "National Festival House," "Sydney Festival House," "National Theatre," "Festival Hall," "National Concert Hall."

Significantly, the word "opera" is not among any of these titles, which suggests that people fully realise that the proposed building on Benelong Point was never intended for a minority who like opera but as an all-purpose community centre.

Experts stress that the building, to have real meaning as the heart of Sydney's life, must be constantly in use not only for music, drama, opera, ballet but for art shows, cistddffods, pageants, lectures, conferences, exhibitions, and big social and political gatherings.

An ideal name for such a community centre is not easy to invent, but at least the name should be simple, descriptive, and Australian, and should try to avoid the commonplace or the over-used imported word.

Clearly, the building is not a "festival" hall, is much more than a "concert" hall or theatre.

It could be called "Benelong," which would locate it accurately and at the same time be simple, historical, and Australian.

That's just a suggestion, tossed into the ring, but if readers would like to try for themselves the Editor would be glad to receive their ideas.

Our cover:

Buttons, Peterkin, Posy, and Silver Rose are the names of the seven-week-old Persian kittens who look so decorative in their basket. Their mother, Miowera Trickett, is a show champion, and they were bred by Miss M. Haswell, of Turrumurra, N.S.W. Staff photographer Robert Cleland took the picture.

This week:

• A special four-page supplement this week will prove invaluable for gardeners wanting to grow flowering shrubs. The section includes a handy chart giving varieties and heights of shrubs, and conditions under which they thrive.

Next week:

• Big news for knitters next week is an eight-page section — illustrated in color — giving instructions for knitting the latest designs from overseas. Two of the most exciting patterns illustrated come from the fascinating Isles of Aran, off the west coast of Ireland. These centuries-old designs are high fashion news today.

• Lauren Bacall, lovely widow of Humphrey Bogart, was a fashion model before being discovered by Hollywood. This early training came in handy when she was making her latest film, "Designing Woman," with Gregory Peck. The film is about a woman fashion designer. Next week we reproduce highlights from the film, including photographs of top models wearing some breathtaking creations.

• One of the most frequent inquiries we receive from readers is for advice on wedding etiquette. In next week's instalment of "Lady Behave," our serialised guide to manners today, the London authors deal with modern weddings. The instalment touches on presents, informal receptions, financial arrangements between young marrieds, and on trousseaus.

• Next week we bring you a new swift-moving, three-part serial by top-ranking English author Edith Pargeter. The serial, "A Lift Into Colmar," combines a delightful double romance, which unfolds against the background of the French countryside.

BOOK REVIEWS, by AINSLIE BAKER

Nun returns to the world after 17 years

• In 1944 a woman wearing a plain blue suit, white blouse, and with a nurse's veil covering her growing cropped hair entered a Belgian department store and for the first time in 17 years looked at herself in a mirror.

A FEW hours before, she had been a nun, Sister Luke.

The story of this Belgian nun who returned to the world is told by Kathryn Hulme in "The Nun's Story."

Gabrielle Van der Mal was the daughter of a noted Belgian doctor. She was 21 when she entered the novitiate of the Order from which she was to receive a Papal release 17 years later.

Sister Luke's years within the Order were a continual battle between her natural instincts as an inspired nurse and the superimposed restraints of perfect obedience and humility.

Her first work in a women's mental asylum was a discipli-

plinary measure — she had wanted to go to the Belgian Congo.

When later she was sent there, working a 16-hour day in the company of an Italian doctor, whom she alternately stormed at and admired, she achieved fine results but contracted T.B.

Eventually she was cured. Then Sister Luke, continuing to offend the exacting rules of her Order, was sent home.

The ever present struggle within herself deepened when her father was killed by the Nazis for giving medical assistance to refugees. She found herself hating with an intensity that made a mock of her nun's habit.

Already assisting the Resist-

ance (against orders), Sister Luke knew that her spiritual crisis had come.

The nursing nun, who should have been only a nurse, asked for a release from her vows.

Kathryn Hulme, herself a Catholic convert, relates the nun's long struggle with a deep understanding of the spiritual suffering involved.

The picture she gives of life within the Order is a detailed and fascinating one.

Gabrielle Van der Mal is not the nun's true name. She is now an American citizen and nursing supervisor of a Los Angeles hospital. She remains a Roman Catholic.

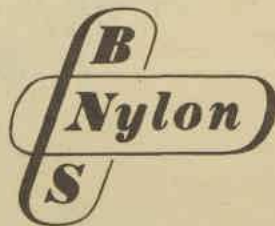
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Someone for JENNY

By AUDRIE MANLEY-TUCKER

Just as Jenny was finishing dressing, Anne came to the door, saying, "Really, Jenny, isn't that color too bright for you?"

DARLING, I've laddered my nylons," Anne said tragically, poking her head around the bedroom door. "My lovely cobwebs that Aunt Hannah sent from New York! Would you be an absolute angel...?"

Automatically, Jenny reached for the packet in her drawer and tossed it across to her sister.

"Oh, you're a pet!" Anne said extravagantly. "I'll take enormous care of them, honestly, Jen. I'm going out with Bill tonight and I haven't a decent pair."

As she went out of the room, Jenny looked wryly at herself in the mirror. Life was fun for the Annes of this world; the peachy-skinned, slender girls with corn-gold hair.

I, Jenny thought, have mousy hair, a

mouth that's too wide, and I have to be careful what I wear, in case it makes me look plumper than I am. Life really isn't fair.

Most of the time she was resigned; this was one of the times when she felt faintly disgruntled. She tucked a book beneath her arm, and ran downstairs. In the big, untidy sitting-room, her father was laboriously tapping out the final chapter of his latest book.

"Jenny," he called, "this copy's an awful mess—full of corrections and things. Do you think you'll be able to follow it?"

"Don't worry. I'll type it back tomorrow."

"Bless you," he said, relieved, "the publishers are after me. If I can get it away next week it won't be so bad."

In the kitchen her mother was busy surrounded by tubes and brushes. She was little and vague and pretty, an older edition of Anne, and spent a good deal of her spare time painting wonderful abstract pictures that no one understood.

At the bottom of the garden in the tumble-down shed she had a potter's wheel and a weaving-loom; for the past few years everyone had received bowls and scarves and framed pictures for Christmas presents.

"I suppose it's teatime," Mrs. Abbot said regretfully.

"Only by the clock—and we've never lived by that!" Jenny retorted, looking over her mother's shoulder. "No one will want any tea for the next hour; Anne's getting herself up for tonight. Father's finishing his book. I'm going to sit up in the tree and read. What's this? It looks like 'Birth of the Blues!'"

"It's nothing of the kind! I shall call it 'Dark Voices.'"

Jenny laughed and went out into the gar-

den to climb nimbly up into the low fork of a big tree.

It had been her retreat ever since the day they had come to live at the cottage; the day her father had said:

"Rosebank Cottage? No, it's too ordinary for words. We'll call it 'The Tree House.'"

The big gnarled tree was the only one in the garden. Anne liked to sit under it in a deck-chair, looking cool and pretty; Jenny preferred to climb up and sit in the fork, resting her back against the rough trunk, loving the green world that stirred and rustled around her in the faint murmuring of the wind.

Farther down the trunk was a big hole, lined with moss and twigs and bits of last year's leaves, that they called the post office. When they were young, they had posted party invitations there, notes, and secret messages—Anne and herself and Tony, who was ten, and freckled, and lived next door. But when

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WILDFIRE AT MIDNIGHT

By MARY STEWART

THE morning brought misty sunshine and the nurse. The latter was a youngish, square-built woman, who looked kind and immensely capable. With relief I abandoned Roberta to her and went down to breakfast.

As I went into the dining-room, heads turned, and Mrs. Cowdray-Simpson asked quickly: "The girl—how is she?"

I smiled. "All right so far, thank you. The nurse is with her now, and says she's getting on well."

"I'm so glad! I was so afraid that all that disturbance in the night—"

"It was nothing," I said. "I let the fire out, and the Inspector heard Sergeant Munro prowling down the stairs to get wood for me."

Nobody else spoke to me while I ate my breakfast, for which I was grateful. I found myself being careful not to catch anybody's eye. I had just poured my second cup of coffee when Effie, round-eyed, appeared at my elbow.

"If you please, miss, the Inspector says—when you're ready, he says, but not to be interrupting yourself—"

Her voice was high-pitched and possessed remarkable carrying power. It was into a dead and listening silence that I replied: "I'll go and see the Inspector at once. Thank you, Effie."

I picked up "The Golden Bough," which I had wrapped in yet another piece of "The Autocar," took my cup of coffee in the other hand, and walked out of the dining-room, still in that uncomfortable silence. My face was flaming. Last night's quarantine seemed still to be isolating me, Nicholas' mocking phrase to be whispering me out of the room. In each look that followed me I could sense the same resentment: in one pair of eyes there might also be fear. My cheeks were still flying scarlet banners when I got to the Inspector's temporary office.

He greeted me cheerfully, with a shrewd glance at my face which provoked me into saying tartly: "I could do without the distinction of not being a suspect, Inspector Mackenzie!"

He was unperturbed. "Is that so? Don't they like it?"

"Of course they don't! I feel—cut off . . . and the funny thing is that it's I who feel guilty. I wish it was all over!"

"I'm with you there." He stretched out a hand. "Is that for me?"

I handed him "The Golden Bough." In some curious way I felt that by doing so I had committed myself to something, had started down a path from which there was no turning back. I sat down. "I've marked the place," I said.

I bent my head over my coffee-

cup, stirring it unnecessarily, concentrating on the brown swirl of the liquid against the blue sides of the cup. I heard the Inspector make an odd little sound, then he said sharply: "Where did you find this?"

I told him.

"And when did you see this marked section?"

"Last night," I told him about that, too. But not about the crumpled envelope. It was in my pocket, I could not go quite so far down the path. Not yet.

"It was you who marked these passages?"

"Yes."

"Do you know whose book this is?"

"The envelope burned in my pocket."

"No."

There was a pause. I looked up to find his eyes watching me. He said: "You had other things to tell me, I believe. You told me so, before you found this book. Now, Miss Brooke—" he was being very formal this morning—"what is it that you think I ought to know?"

"The first thing," I said, "concerns the cut climbing-rope that killed Marion Bradford."

"Yes?"

I began to tell him about my trip downstairs in the darkness on my first night in the hotel, and how both Jamesy Farlane and Alastair Braine had been in the hotel porch.

"And Mr. Corrigan had been fishing with them," I said slowly. "Alastair said he'd already come back, but yesterday his wife said he didn't get in that night till three o'clock. It was about half-past two when I spoke to Alastair."

INSPECTOR MAC-KENZIE was writing rapidly. He looked up when I fell silent. "What you're trying to tell me is that each one of these men had the opportunity to damage the girls' climbing-rope the night before the climb."

"Yes," I said miserably.

"Then where does Dougal Macrae's third climber come in?"

"He might be innocent," I said, "and just be frightened. When he saw them fall—"

"Aye, aye, lassie," said the Inspector dryly, and again gave me that long, considering look. "And had you anything else to tell me?"

So I told him about the episode of Marcia's doll, feeling, with every word, more and more like the despicable little informer Nicholas had called me. Finally I sat back and looked unhappily across the table at him. "But perhaps you knew?"

He nodded. "Mrs. Persimmon told me about that. But you can forget; it's not a mystery any longer, and it

never was a piece of this mystery in any case. I think I may tell you that it was part of a little private feud between Mrs. Corrigan and Miss Maling."

"Oh? You mean Alma Corrigan did it?"

"Yes. She told me this morning. She did it to frighten Miss Maling away from the hotel for—er, reasons of her own."

"I—see." I was remembering Alma Corrigan's face as she watched Marcia's car driving away across the glen. "Well, it appears to have worked."

His mouth relaxed a little. "Quite so." Then he looked down at his notes. "Well, I'm much obliged to you for telling me these things. I think you were right to do so. Is there anything else?"

"No." I said, but I was not well enough guarded yet, and his eyes lifted quickly to my face. They had sharpened with interest.

He said flatly: "You're lying to me, aren't you? There is something else."

"No." But I said it too loudly.

He looked at me very gravely for a few long seconds. Then he laid the pencil carefully down on his papers and put his hands palm downwards flat on the desk. "Lassie"—his tone was no longer official; it was very kind—"I think you told me a lie last night, didn't you?"

"I? A lie? What—?"

"When you said you hadn't guessed who the murderer was."

I bit my lip and sat rigid, my eyes on the floor.

He said: "Do you really think a woman of Marion Bradford's experience wouldn't have noticed if the rope was damaged when she put it on? Do you really think that rope was cut in the hotel porch that night?"

"I—it might have been."

"It might. But you don't think it was."

"N—no."

He paused. "I'll tell you how we think this murder was done," he said at length. "You—realised, of course, that Roberta Symes never climbed across the Sputan Dhu at all?"

He added, as I stared at him: "There was no rope on her body, was there?" I said slowly, "No. No, there wasn't. Of course . . . if she'd been middle man on the rope the murderer couldn't have cut it between her and Marion. D'you know, I never worked that out? How stupid of me!"

"It's just as well you didn't, or you'd have left the Sputan Dhu to look for her elsewhere."

"What did happen, then?"

"We think he offered to do the climb with Marion Bradford, Roberta watching. When he got Miss Bradford

to the one pitch that's out of sight of the other side—there's an overhang—"

"I know. I noticed it. He could have cut the rope then without being seen."

He nodded. "He pulled her off and cut the rope. Roberta would see an accident, see her fall. Then she would hear him shout that he was coming back. He could get back quite easily alone by going higher above the gully. She would wait for him in who knows what agony of mind, there by the gully's edge. And in her turn, when he came there, he would throw her down."

I said nothing. I couldn't speak, couldn't think. I believe I shut my eyes. I know I was trembling.

"Lassie," he said very gently, "if a man's a murderer, and a murderer like this one, crazy, and, yes, vicious and crazy, he's not fit to defend, you know."

I said chokily: "Loyalty—"

"Doesn't enter into it. He's an outlaw. Your loyalty is to the rest of us, the sane, ordinary people who want him locked up so that they can be safe."

"Well, why don't you arrest him, if you're so sure?"

"I told you. I can't possibly move without proof. I'm waiting for some information to come from London. Or—there's Roberta."

"Why did you leave me with her, if you're so sure I'd shield the murderer?" I cried.

"Because I'm a good enough judge of people to know that, when it comes to the point, you'll be on the right side, whatever your—loyalties."

"My instincts, you mean," I said bitterly. "If you'd been in the lounge last night, you'd have heard me talking very fine and large about my principles, but now—" I got up. "Has no one ever told you that people mean more to women than principles? I'm a woman, Inspector Mackenzie."

He had risen, and his eyes met mine levelly. "So was Heather Macrae."

I blazed at him at that. "I don't know why you're treating me to a sermon on loyalty, Inspector Mackenzie! Even if I did guess who your murderer was, it's only a guess. How am I supposed to be able to help you catch him? I've told you everything—"

"No." His voice was soft, but it brought me up short. "I still don't believe you." He surveyed me grimly. "And if this fact—whatever it is—that you are keeping back is one that will give me the proof I want, then I must warn you—"

"Proof? I haven't any proof! I swear I haven't. And if I had—oh, I must have time to think," I said shakily, and almost ran out of the room.

There may have been people in the hall: I didn't see them. I went blindly across it, making without coherent thought for the glass porch and the fresh air and freedom of the glen. But when I pushed my way

I clung desperately to the heather roots as in the mist he came nearer, then stopped, his breathing rapid and excited.

through the swing doors into the porch I came face to face with Dougal Macrae coming in. He greeted me gravely.

"Good morning, mistress. It's a grand morning for it, forbye a bit of mist coming up frae the bay. Are you wanting to go right away?"

"Go?" I looked at him blankly.

"It was today I was taking you fishing, Mistress Brooke. Had you forgotten?"

"Fishing? Ah—" I began to laugh, rather weakly, and then apologised. "I'm sorry; but it seems odd to be thinking of fishing after—after all this."

"To be sure it does. But ye cannot juist be sitting round to wait for what's going to happen, mistress. Ye'll be better out in the clear air fishing the Abhainn Camas Fhionnaraidh and taking your mind off things. Fine I know it."

"Yes, I suppose you do . . . All right, Mr. Macrae, I'll come. Give me five minutes."

Three-quarters of an hour later, as I stood on the heather where the Camasunary River flows out of Loch na Creitheach, I knew that Dougal had been right.

The mist that earlier that morning had blanketed the glen had now lifted and rolled back, to lie in long vapor-veils on the lower slopes of Blaven and Sgurr na Stri. Just beside us, An't Sron was all but invisible in its shroud, and from its feet the loch stretched northwards, pale-glimmering, to merge with the mist above it in a shifting opalescent haze.

Marsco had vanished; the Cuillin had withdrawn behind the same invisible cloak, but directly above our heads the sky was blue and clear, and the sun shone warmly down. The river, sliding out of the loch in a

great slithering fan of silver, narrowed where we stood into a deeper channel, wrangling and glittering among boulders that broke it into foam or shouldered it up in glossy curves for all the world like the backs of leaping salmon.

Close under the banks, in the little backwaters, piles of froth bobbed and swayed on water brown as beer. The smell of drying heather and peaty water, strong and fresh, was laced with the pungent odor of bog-myrtle.

Dougal was a good instructor. He soon showed me how to assemble my hired rod, how to fix the heel and tie the fly, and then, with infinite patience, he began to teach me how to cast. Neither of us spoke a word about anything but the matter in hand, and very few, even, about that. It was not long before I found, to my own surprise, that the difficult art I was attempting had, indeed, a powerful fascination, before which the past faded, the future receded, and the whole of experience narrowed down to this stretch of glancing, glimmering water, and the fly I was trying to cast across it.

The timeless scene and the eternal voice of the water created between them a powerful hypnosis under whose influence the hotel with its inmates and its problems seemed far away and relatively unimportant.

And even if my own problem did not recede with the others, it did—so passionately did I refuse to face it—relax a little of its claw-hold on my mind.

Dougal had put up his own rod, but did

not at first use it. He sat on the bank, smoking and watching me, occasionally getting up to demonstrate a cast. Of course I never caught anything: I did not get even the suspicion of a bite. But so powerfully had the peace and timelessness of the place worked upon me that when at length Dougal began to unwrap sandwiches for lunch I was able to think and speak with tolerable composure.

We ate at first in silence, while the water ran bubbling-brown past our feet, and a dipper flew zit-zitting up and down the centre of the river. A fish leaped in a flashing silver arc.

"That's just where I was fishing," I said humbly. "I must have been casting over him all the time and never caught him."

"You might yet; I've known stranger things happen," said Dougal. It could hardly be called an encouraging answer, but I supposed that, from a Highlander, it might even be accounted praise. He looked up at the sky. "It's a bit overbright for the fish, in fact. If the mist came down a little and took some of the glare off it might be better."

"It seems a pity to wish the sun away."

"You'll not notice once you're fishing again."

We finished our lunch in silence, then Dougal got out his ancient pipe, while I fished in my pocket for cigarettes. As my fingers closed over the remains of yesterday's

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Misleading Lady

A short short story

By WALTER S. TEVIS



When I said "Come in" the door opened and there she stood, her eyes wistful and her make-up a little streaked.

FROM the first sight of her it was obvious that she was not the girl for the part. For my leading lady I needed someone tall and blond with bedroom eyes; and this girl—she could hardly have been more than twenty—was about five feet two inches tall, her hair was brown, and her eyes were more suggestive of the kitchen than of anywhere else.

The sort of girl who always appears as if she had just finished baking a pie. Just the type to make someone a dandy little sister. Unfortunately, I was well supplied with sisters.

Of course, I called the casting director immediately, and, of course, found him about as pliable as reinforced concrete. He went into a lengthy tale concerning the cost of operating a road show, reminding me that I was the only member of the Broadway cast retained at the original salary, and suggesting that the cost of hiring a more accomplished actress might involve the lowering of my stipend.

"Your logic," I said, "is breathtaking. But don't you think you might locate someone with more glamor?"

"At a hundred a week?" he countered. "Besides, Fred, this girl got rave reviews in Pennsylvania all last season."

"That's what I mean," I said, but he had hung up.

And so, for two gruelling weeks, the director and I labored, instructing this sister type to appear seductive. It was uphill labor, but we seemed to achieve a modicum of success. I had to admit, too, that she was pleasant enough to work with in a calm, homespun way.

She never made any demands on anyone, and never once tried to hog all the limelight. The stagehands, the most blasé of all people in the theatrical world, seemed to be highly taken with her, and in the wings I often heard them pass most complimentary remarks about her. It must have been that wholesome little girl look she had.

In two weeks she seemed to have a fair grasp of her characterisation, and we headed for Baltimore. Frederick Raleigh with Julie Abbott in "Dishonorable Mention."

I was, it developed, in for yet more surprises. We were quite a success in Baltimore. On the stage Julie seemed to perform a genuine metamorphosis, fitting into her part in a most amazing way. In fact, after one of our kiss scenes a truly seductive look crept into her wholesome eyes.

In Cleveland she did so well that I decided to compliment her. "Julie," I said, after her third curtain call, "you are doing nicely. In a few years you may become quite an accomplished actress."

For some reason or other she took a while replying. "Thank you, Fred," she said a bit coolly. There was a glint in her eyes that I should have noticed more carefully. Something like the look of a fighter accepting a challenge.

And, after all, I had only intended to be nice, and I always had considered that a few words of encouragement can often work wonders with a comparative newcomer to the stage.

Then we played Cincinnati. She had been distant with me for a few days, but it was obvious that she had a cold. It hurt her performance; and I was astonished to see that we were all slowed down by it.

Not that the show was a total loss; the applause was adequate, though not overwhelming. It was just what is called in the profession a bad night.

Certainly nothing to lose any sleep about.

About twenty minutes after the show I was sitting in my dressing-room, when I heard a light knock at the door.

When I said, "Come in," the door pushed open and there she stood. The grease-paint was streaked under her eyes—making them seem even larger and more wistful than usual—and some of that brown hair was falling, loose, over her forehead. She was unquestionably a mess, but, somehow or other, it was an appealing entrance.

"Fred," she said, "I think I have to talk to somebody. Do you mind if it's you?"

"Sit down," I said.

She closed the door and dropped into a canvas chair.

"What is it, Julie?" I said, surprised at the gentleness in my voice.

I almost had to stop myself going over to her and putting my hand sympathetically on her shoulder.

She tried to smile. "It's—it's pretty silly, Fred."

"Most important things are," I said. It was probably the first time I had ever made a philosophical remark in my life. Had I been wiser, at this point I should have begun watching my step.

But she lifted those big, innocent eyes up to mine, and I began to acquire a remarkable feeling in the pit of my stomach. And somehow, impossible though it may seem, the

brown hair even looked attractive. Probably it was the lighting.

She drew a deep breath. "I was born here, Fred. This is my hometown. I had my first part when I was in school here."

"Senior play?"

"Yes." She bit her lip.

"Star?"

"Yes." She smiled that wan smile again. "Pretty weak competition, I guess."

"I'll bet you were marvellous." After all, I had to be nice.

She drew another deep breath. "It was a turkey. Even my own mother could see I was a flop."

"That bad?"

"Terrible!" She tried to manage a smile, but didn't quite make it. "I froze up. I couldn't do a thing but mumble my lines. Nothing. I suppose a really famous actor like you has never done that, Fred. Gone through a whole show and felt nothing but panic."

"Julie," I said, leaning forward, "I'm afraid I've been there myself. As a matter of fact, just about everyone in this business has. There are few things less pleasant."

She grinned, shyly. "It's awful, isn't it?" she said.

"But, Julie," I said, "after all, you didn't quit. Isn't that what counts? And, you know—I was amazed at my own words—you are quite an actress now."

"Thanks, Fred," she said. She began dabbing at the tear-smears under her eyes. "This is going to sound like a second-act curtain line, but do you know why I knocked myself out getting a part in a road show coming to Cincinnati?"

I had to admit it was quite a line. I didn't say anything for a minute, just looked at her. Her skin was wet and shining where the tears had washed part of her make-up away. I was feeling an odd sensation in my throat. Then I said, "I suppose I do."

"And they were all out there, Fred," she said, talking faster now. "All of them. The kids I played my part with. And the teachers. They

all wanted to see me make good." She turned her face away. "And I was a flop. I fell flat."

At this point I would gladly have committed hara-kiri for her, had I thought it would be helpful. But all I could do was say, "Honestly, Julie, it wasn't that bad."

She stared at the floor. "After the curtain I didn't even go to my dressing-room. I knew they'd come back looking for me. They'd congratulate me and say how good I was, and all the time they'd be wondering what I'd done to get such a big part with such a"—she turned her eyes up to me—"famous actor."

She drew a breath. "To them I'm still a flop. So I found an empty room right off one of the wings and I went in and cried like a baby. Then I came here. I thought maybe you would understand and . . ."

She didn't finish. She merely began bawling—crying just like a kid.

At this point I found myself kneeling beside her. Somehow I had my arm around her shoulder and I was saying some of the most ridiculous lines I have ever heard in my career. And, what was truly amazing, I meant every word.

It was almost midnight when we located a restaurant and ordered scrambled eggs and coffee . . .

Perhaps it was the wholesome food that she ate—Julie, as may be guessed, is addicted to the most wholesome foods imaginable—but her cold improved considerably soon thereafter.

And, although she couldn't have looked more healthy and wholesome, it was extraordinary how seductive her eyes seemed to have become. I couldn't understand how I had ever thought she looked like the sort of girl who would be a dear little sister to a man.

Her acting, too, improved more and more. By the time we played Nashville her performances were better than ever.

As a matter of fact, the only sloppy performance I ever saw her give was on the day we returned to New York from the road trip. Of course, she was excited at the time, since she was making out her part of our wedding licence. Had she not been distracted she probably would never have put the words, "Chicago, Illinois," in the little space that said, "Place of Birth."

When she did, and I said, "Chicago, darling? I thought you said you were born in Cincinnati," she merely looked at me and turned, slowly, a bright pink. She had, for once in her career, forgotten all her lines.

She looked so guilty that I found myself unable to do a thing but laugh. Which I did, heartily.

"Darling," I said, "you're quite a little actress, aren't you? You have a great future."

"No, Fred," she said, still pink. "Two great futures!" And she put her arm in mine. The left one, of course, for I was busy signing the licence with the other.

(Copyright)

Blondes prefer GENTLEMEN



A complete short story

By JACQUES GILLIES

AS the cutter carried them swiftly across the harbor, Charles Blake said, "Well, it's only for two, three months at the most, Rilla. You'll like it."

The cutter took a wide circle to avoid the creaming bows of a Greek caique and ran on past anchored warships and a dirty coaster.

"Mind you, it's the crossroads of the world. Last two girls we sent out here both went riding off into the sunset, one with an American naval officer and the other with some Balkan Count." He paused. "But you're twenty-six. More settled."

The way he said it, Rilla felt like an old hag. She looked back briefly at the liner that had brought them from Bordeaux, and intercepted the ardent gaze of Captain La Salle, who was returning from furlough to the French Legation.

The captain, who had dined with them on the ship, gave her a warm Gallic smile, and saluted. Rilla, smiling faintly back, felt younger again.

Charles Blake was searching the long line of wharves and warehouses for the quay. "This is an important contract, Rilla, real money. And what do you think? The last costing sheet we had from Harrison was written in the margin of a piece of French newspaper. That's the sort of thing you've got to stop. We want proper records, and Harrison just isn't a desk man." Charles Blake looked at his watch. "I hope he's not late. I've only got two hours before my plane."

As the ship's boat drew close to the quay his eyes ranged over the crowd. After a moment, he said, "There's Harrison. By the jetty. The tall one."

Rilla's eyes swept the line of people and stopped at a tall, wide-shouldered figure, topped by a sweep of blue-black hair that glittered in the sunlight like a crow's wing. Harrison wore jeans that had been bleached to the same color as the Mediterranean and an open khaki shirt. She said, "Does it talk?"

"He may look rough, Rilla, but he's the best salvage engineer this side of heaven, which is a record that's likely to stand. He'll never go there."

The engine coughed and stopped and they went bobbing in alongside the steps. Rilla looked up as she heard a shout. "How are you, Charles!" Harrison's deep, strong voice cut across the native babble. But he wasn't looking at Charles Blake; he was staring hard down at Rilla. An Arab boatman held the cutter to the steps with a boat-hook and they went up.

Rilla saw Harrison shoulder past a white-gloved native policeman and come towards them. He grabbed Charles Blake by the hand. "Good to see you, boss!" Over Blake's shoulder his eyes flicked to Rilla's ankles, and up again as quickly as a gunman's. "Hi," he said.

"Hullo," said Rilla. Her eyes were composed. Harrison turned his employer round and pushed him along through the crowd. Rilla, following, heard him say, "Where do you find these lambs for the slaughter, C.B.? Smithfield?"

Charles Blake said smoothly, "I think you'll find Miss Edwards will stay the course."

"Maybe." They entered the glare of a car park. An Arab boy was sitting loosely in a battered jeep. He rolled to his feet as they came up. Harrison said, "The luggage is coming in on a lighter, Ali. You pick up Miss Edwards' things and bring them in a taxi. O.K."

"O.K." Ali walked round Rilla, his dark eyes liquid with admiration. Blake climbed into the back and Rilla eased herself on to the front seat beside Harrison. The sun-dried leather of the seat was scorching through the thin fabric of her dress.

The engine roared and fumes rose up through the floor. They went tearing out into the street and pushed through a busy market with the horn tooting continuously. The wind, whipping through the open car, pulled at her skirt.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 6, 1957



Rilla tried to appear composed under Harrison's unabashed regard and replied "Hullo" to his cheerful "Hi!"

and Rilla, holding it down, looked quickly sideways in time to see Harrison grinning.

The jeep roared on to a white road that climbed the escarpment through a long avenue of date palms. Beyond the green of the palms the white walls of distant villas winked. At the top of the avenue they rolled across a small plateau and then down the other side to a sandy beach. The glare took on a merciless quality. Rilla felt in her bag for sun-glasses.

As she fitted them on, the jeep bumped sharply off the road on to a track and pulled up in a spurt of dust in front of a low white building shaded by jacaranda trees. Half a mile out in the bay, two or three lighters were lashed together, and a winch was grinding. From another lighter, moored close in, a long line of chanting natives passed cases from hand to hand to a warehouse on the beach.

Harrison got out and waved a hand. "There's the job, C.B. A week ahead of schedule. How long have you got?"

Charles Blake joined them in the heat, dabbing at his face with a handkerchief. "My plane leaves in about two hours."

"Right. I'll lend you a pair of wellingtons and run you out." He led the way into the villa. Rilla, following him along the passage, noticed with distaste the crescent stains of sweat under his arms. He opened a door and stood looking down at her. His eyes were ironic.

"The Y.W.C.A.'s full up. You'll have to rough it here with Ali and me in the meantime. There's a retired clergyman and his wife along the coast who may take a paying guest later. We'll see."

Rilla looked round the small, pleasant, lime-washed room. She said coldly, "You needn't bother. If I don't like it here

I'll make my own arrangements when I've had time to look round."

"O.K.," said Harrison. "Ali'll be here in a minute. We'll see you later."

Rilla was washing out her stockings when she heard them come back from the boat. They stood on the verandah and she could hear Harrison talking technically about currents and water pressure. After a while a chair scraped and Blake called her.

When she went out, he had his hat and briefcase in his hand. He held her lightly by the elbow. "I've seen the office, girlic. You've got a month's overtime in front of you."

Rilla smiled wanly. Across the compound she could see Harrison already hunched in the jeep. Blake, sensing her thoughts, said, "He's all right."

Rilla looked away. "I think he's horrible."

He walked her towards the car. "The contract's only got two months to run, and you heard him say they're already a week ahead of schedule. You won't have time to notice him." He shook her arm in a rough, friendly way and got into the jeep. Harrison drove off without giving her a glance.

The jeep paused in the gateway to let a battered tourist come in. Rilla saw Ali in the front of it, and her luggage piled up behind. Ali carried the cases in.

He grinned at her innocently. "You seen around?"

"Not yet. I think . . ."

"Come on, I show you now." Ali walked proudly in front of her. "Bathroom here," he said.

Rilla looked at the basin and the Victorian hip-bath and the buckets. "No water?"

"I bring water."

They went past the kitchen into the sitting-room. Above the fireplace was a large portrait of a blonde in black chiffon sprawled across a divan, holding a telephone. It looked as if it had been cut from a French periodical. Rilla regarded it for a moment, a finger to her temple. Then she reached up and tore it down.

Ali made a sad, clucking noise. "That's Rosie. Mr. Harrison and me say good morning to her every day."

"You can say good morning to me, instead," said Rilla in a matter-of-fact voice. She screwed the picture up and dropped it in the fireplace. Going back to her room, she said over her shoulder, "I think Mr. Harrison is a bad man, Ali."

"No, miss. He is a good man. English gentleman."

"English, perhaps," said Rilla angrily. "But certainly not a gentleman."

She began to unpack and was delving into the second case when she heard the jeep return. After a moment she heard the shuffle of Harrison's espadrilles on the stone floor and he knocked ostentatiously on her open door.

With stockings over one arm and a black nylon nightgown over the other, Rilla turned to face him. "Yes?" she said coolly.

He lounged in the doorway. "I shouldn't unpack it all if I were you."

"But there are things I need."

"I'd try it here a couple of days first. You might save yourself a lot of bother."

"It's no bother," said Rilla, non-committally. She saw Harrison staring with unashamed appreciation at her black nylon nightgown, and whipped it behind her back.

"Just like Rosie's," said Harrison mildly. He walked off, leaving her feeling faintly ridiculous.

She called Ali, and he came running in. "Yes, Miss Edwards?"

"I want a hot bath," said Rilla. "And then I want a boiled egg and tea on a tray in here."

"No dinner? No dinner like Mr. Harrison?"

"No dinner," said Rilla firmly. "I'm going to bed early."

Rilla woke when the heat of the sun was already seeping into the room. Away in the distance she could hear the chant of the native workmen and the surge of diesel engines. When eventually she wandered into the dining-room, it was empty.

Ali brought her scalding coffee and hot French bread.

"Where's Mr. Harrison, Ali?"

"He work. Two, three hours."

"Oh."

After breakfast, Rilla was halfway to the office building on the beach when Ali caught her up. He gave her an enormous sunhat with a brim that was shoulder-wide. "Mr. Harrison buy it yesterday. Special for you."

Rilla dropped it on her head and walked on again across the sand. When she was closer, she saw Harrison come out of the foreman's hut. He stood watching her approach, looked at her bare legs, at her plain linen frock, at the hat. "Hi," he said.

"Good morning. Sorry I'm late, Mr. Harrison, but you should have called me. I don't want any special privileges."

"Don't worry, you won't get any. I let you sleep because I was diving this morning." He led the way over to a short Nissen hut with a canvas side. As he held the tarpaulin back for her, he said, "This is where you work."

A little, spectacled man stood up beside his desk. Harrison said, "And this is Mr. Oubadih. He's a Syrian and a thief. All his family are on the company payroll. Uncles, aunts, brothers-in-law . . ."

"Oh, no, Mr. Harrison," said the Syrian in a soft, reproachful voice. "Only my blood relatives." He smiled at

To page 41

SENSATIONAL! NEW ODO·RO·NO STICK DEODORANT



WITH ONE STROKE YOU

- Wipe out perspiration odour instantly
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New, Instant Stick Odo-Ro-No is the easiest, quickest way to apply your deodorant. Especially handy to use right from its ingenious plastic case — there is nothing to unwrap — no contact with fingers — no rubbing in. Sure to be a winner with men, too! Instant Stick Odo-Ro-No is completely new — protects as no other stick deodorant can, thanks to amazing new formula giving unmatched triple protection! Wonderfully pleasant cologne fragrance.

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THE EASIEST UNDERARM PROTECTION.

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**Instant STICK
ODO·RO·NO**

FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN



P161

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WE are frequently reminded to do all we can to make New Australians feel at home and most of us try to do so. But in our enthusiasm let us not forget the Old Australians, whose ancestors lived in the country long before the white man came. Those of us who have neither money nor influence may feel that there is little we can do. One way in which we could all help enormously would be by teaching our children that we are all human beings, whether our skin is black, white, or yellow, and the color of our skin calls for neither pride nor shame, but merely acceptance, in the same way we accept the color of our eyes or our height.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Jean Bowkett, Perth, via Launceston, Tas.

NOBODY ever seems to be content with his or her age. Teen-agers long to be older, saying youth holds them back from obtaining good positions and from a lot of the fun in life. Those in their 30's, and older, want to take off anything from five to 10 years, saying experience and age are not wanted these days. Personally, I think each decade brings its own interests and advantages.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Muir, 133 Gould St., Frankston, Vic.

MY elderly mother enjoys her regular paddle when we are on holiday. An ingenious method of defeating "sand between the toes" has been found for her. On leaving the beach out comes a small household paint-brush, and with this valuable weapon the last sand is brushed away. Of course, she invariably has a circle of amused onlookers during this operation, but I must confess it really is a huge success.

10/6 to Miss D. Slatter, 55 Wellington St., Kew, Vic.

I HAVE been very pleased lately to notice several shops in our town featuring window displays of maternity clothes. It was not so very long ago that such clothes had to be asked for in hushed voices, and then there was a very limited selection to choose from. In my opinion, nothing is too good for all mothers-to-be, who give our nation its future citizens.

10/6 to Mrs. A. Watt, Maryfield, Muswellbrook, N.S.W.

IT is always attractive when very young children have the ability to express their thoughts in a proper and clear way instead of in the half-witted toddlers' talk so often heard. The credit is due, of course, to the sensible parents who do not indulge in or encourage baby talk when answering the young child's many questions. Not resorting to baby talk once the child is old enough to understand plain English will greatly help in the later years of their development.

10/6 to "E.F.D.," Beulah Park, S.A.

WHAT has happened to sincerity in both public and private life? Maybe it wasn't as exciting and modern as propaganda, super sales talk, glamor, sex appeal, and publicity, but it had a quiet dignity of its own. The world seems poorer for its absence.

10/6 to Mrs. D. Crosier, Elalie, Qld.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

ONE way to realise our increasing age, without glancing in a mirror, is to see a child's amazement at some familiar item of our childhood. My children, accustomed to modern ways, couldn't imagine what suet was and had no idea that dates contained stones. They were mystified by curling-tongs and a button-hook. There are countless souvenirs of most of our childhood tucked away somewhere waiting to "come in handy." I suggest we let the youngsters delve into the cupboards and we would all have fun (as well as a good clean-out) as we unearth these "treasures."

10/6 to Mrs. P. M. Hughes, 6 Collett Pde., Parramatta, N.S.W.

On the line

I REFER to "K.J.A.'s" letter (6/2/57) about hanging pillowcases on the line, and would certainly like to convince her that pegging them with the taped ends up is much the better way. This is done so that the wind will blow the pillowcase out like a balloon and thus dry it quickly and with the minimum of creases. Also, when pegged by the hemmed edge the pillowcase is less likely to tear, therefore quicker drying, easier ironing, and less mending.

10/6 to Mrs. E. W. Robinson, 39 Bray St., Brayville, S.A.

Family affairs

I HAVE always had a yearning to be able to play the piano, but both time and lack of opportunity have prevented my learning. So, like many mothers, I was anxiously waiting for my son to reach the age when he could learn what I had missed. When he turned eight I broached the subject and was greeted with a lack of interest that made me most unhappy. But I realised there is no sense in forcing a child with musical studies.

Then he said, "Why don't you learn, Mum? You love music." I said I thought it would be great fun if we learnt together. He brightened up and said it was a wonderful idea. So should you be in our neck of the woods any Thursday afternoon about four o'clock you will see my small son and myself marching off to our music lessons, hand in hand, and no trouble at all.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Payne, 28 Enfield St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

A HOME advertised in Syd-ney has a "built-in husband's retreat."

It's like a built-in cupboard, only a bit larger.

This is an interesting attempt to carry on the old idea that a husband has a right to a room of his own.

They used to call it a "study" or a "den."

The name "study" is out of date now because so few husbands study any more.

When I was a young reporter I called at the house of a well-known clergyman to interview him.

His wife, who opened the door, said: "I'm afraid Mr. P. cannot be disturbed. He spends Tuesday in his study."

That was the last time I ever came across a man who had a study and studied in it. At least I suppose that's what he was doing.

A "den" is a room for a husband who does not pretend to study.

But the name has not caught on here. It makes husbands self-conscious.

POPPA'S PLACE

They feel that if they have a den they should pursue some secret, exciting hobby in it, and they can't think of one. Not a practicable one, anyway.

Now we have the "husband's retreat." This name is based on the



corny legend that a husband is always retreating from his wife.

I don't think that is generally true today.

The only retreating husband I know—Cec McGoon—has a very feminine, house-proud wife.

She has covered the bedroom furniture with pale pink satin, which makes Cec feel ill.

On top of the pink satin pillows is a mauve nightgown case with a big kiewpie on it.

I can't blame Cec for retreating.

But his retreat is not a built-in one—it's a hotel.

The idea of a husband's retreat is out of date. Modern houses are too small.

There's no point in having a retreat if it's only a built-in cupboard. Take the nice old clergyman I mentioned.

He probably enjoyed spending Tuesday in his study. He wouldn't have enjoyed it cramped in a built-in husband's retreat.

I am a husband who has no retreat, and I don't care much!

I wouldn't have any time to spend in it.

But every evening my wife and I shut the children out of the kitchen and have a game of Scrabble.

That turns the kitchen into a temporary built-in parents' retreat, and I must say it's good.

These are ***Australians*** **LIFE ON THE** **SEASHORE**

● For naturalists, young and old, the seashore is one of the most exciting places on earth. It is the home of some of the most delicate and beautiful creatures, which survive in spite of surf, sun, and storms. These pictures show various inhabitants of Australian rock pools and the seashore between the high and low tidemarks.

RIGHT: Waratah Anemones (*Actinia tenebrosa*) expand while feeding in their intertidal pool. The anemone's name comes from its resemblance to the well-known flower, but the "petals" are tentacles for catching prey. When not feeding or when disturbed the anemone contracts and the "petals" disappear. Limpets share this pool with the anemones.



ROCK INHABITANTS. Bubble weed (*Hormosira*), Purple Sponge (*Haliclona*), Sea Lettuce (*Ulva*), and a Sydney Rock Whelk (*Cymatillesta spengleri*), which is the best-known mollusc on the low-water margin of the rocky New South Wales and Victorian coasts. It may attain a length of six inches, and is usually found in gullies, cracks, or other hollows at low-water spring-tide. The encrusting Purple Sponge lives on the vertical edges of the rocks. Pictures are by Dr. Allen Keast.



GOOSE BARNACLES or Stalk Barnacles (*Lepas anserifera*). Barnacles are crustaceans and therefore related to prawns and lobsters. They are hermaphrodites (both male and female), and their minute young are shed into the water. Stalk barnacles are creatures of the open sea, and it is the young that settle on floating objects which sometimes drift ashore. Over a period, the colony grows to adulthood, as shown above, where a marine weed surrounds barnacle stalks.



BLUEBOTTLE or Portuguese man-o'-war (*Physalia utriculus*) lies on a mass of bubble weed (*Hormosira*) in a rock pool. The bluebottle is a colony of primitive animals—individuals with a common flesh specialised for different functions: feeding, protection, and reproduction. Members of the colony, including the long stinging tentacles, hang below the elongated float, which contains oxygen and nitrogen. Each season, bluebottles are a menace to Australian surfers.

KEEP YOUR HAIR
*Shining, Silken-Soft
 and lovely!*



RICHARD HUDNUT egg creme shampoo

CLEANS YOUR HAIR LIKE MAGIC!

*Soapless!
 Concentrated!*

You'll be delighted with the new beauty Egg Creme Shampoo brings to your hair... hidden subtleties of tone... lustrous sheen alluringly revealed... and so easily, quickly, simply by the almost magical action of the egg formula which makes this shampoo the most sought-after by the well-groomed. Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo cleans your hair like magic—yet it's gentle, non-drying. It leaves no dulling "soapy" film and it keeps your hair shining clean. And Egg Creme Shampoo is concentrated—costs no more to use than ordinary shampoo.



TRY A 1/3 BUBBLE
 ... then buy the
ECONOMICAL BOTTLES
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To keep your hair well-conditioned,
 easy-to-set and manage, rinse with
**Richard Hudnut
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An amazingly effective hair reconditioner... a boon to sun, wind or surf-damaged hair... makes your hair tangle-free, easy to comb and set... strengthens your perm or natural wave. Pin curls take shape smoothly—are bound to last longer. Perfect for children's hair. 4-oz. bottle, 5/6; 8-oz. bottle, 9/6.



Turn yourself into fashion's
 fair-haired girl, with
LIGHT & BRIGHT

Lightens gradually to the exact shade that suits you best. You can lighten your hair as slowly as you like and check the effect as you go. Nothing to mix or fix... it's simpler than setting your hair. It's so easy to use—you can't make a mistake. And it won't wash out. 2-oz. bottle, 7/-; 5-oz. bottle, 13/6.



PEDIGREES

*Best paws
 forward
 for the
 Dog Show*



PATIENT Australian silky terrier "Dorlyn Peter" (above) sighed with relief when owner Mrs. A. Waller, of Caringbah, interrupted his grooming for staff photographer Ron Berg, who took these pictures.



ELEGANT Afghan hound "Sultan" (above) posed for a glamor shot with Valerie Thompson, of Merrylands. Valerie's fiancé, Mr. Brian Mantle, of Northmead, is the proud owner of "Sultan."



CONTENTED Maltese pup "Melissa" (left), snow-white after a bath, blue rinse, and powdering, waits with owner Mrs. R. Jones, of Punchbowl, before joining the parade.



JAUNTY collies Dainty, Bonnie, Peggy, and Ladie, who are keen on dog shows but keener on cars, wait in fine style for their driver and owner, Mr. Bruce Inglis, of Chester Hill.

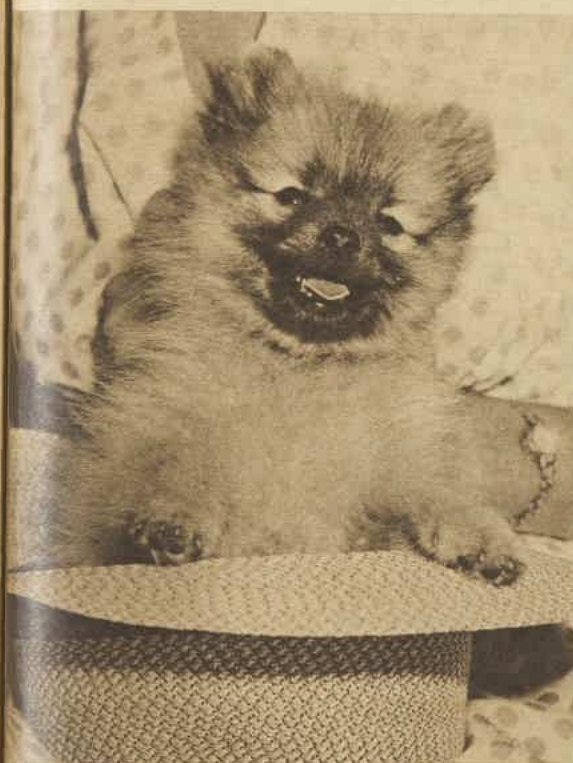
ON PARADE

● On foot and by car, 640 dogs arrived panting with eagerness to win when The Parramatta Districts All Breeds Kennel Club held its second Championship Show in Sydney. Shetland sheepdogs, boxers, and Great Danes looked down their noses at tiny Pekingese, Maltese, dachshunds, and Pomeranians.

Popular breeds such as cocker spaniels, bulldogs, and corgis looked on while keeshondes, samoyeds, griffon Bruxellois, and French poodles faced the judges. All dogs passed a vet's inspection before being judged.

Owners took cases containing brushes, combs, spare leads, biscuits, and drinking bowls for their animals.

PROUD Irish setter "O'Mara Yambacoon" kept an eye on proceedings from a utility truck with Timothy, Margaret, and Christopher Sullivan, children of owners Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Sullivan, of Villawood.



MISCHIEVOUS pomeranian "Sirrah Panda," a nine-week-old bundle of fun, watched from the depths of a large straw hat as the rest of the (canine) world went by. He was entered in the show by Mrs. I. Lovensrosse, of Hornsby.



MERRY "Sirrah Twinkles," a three-month-old pomeranian, went with her pal, "Austral Golden Sun," and their owner, Mrs. J. W. Harris, of Bankstown.



ALERT fox-terrier "Brougham Miss Sally" keenly appraised passing competitors while owner Mrs. C. Harvey, of Merrylands, checked up on the programme of events.



DOTING dachshund (left) "Windwept Wedding Day" was named to celebrate the recent marriage of owner Mrs. Stephen Pausey, secretary of the club.

DIGNIFIED collie "Glendatto Glodda Gem," owned by Barry McConkie, of Maroubra, conferred seriously with Australian silky terrier "Dorlyn Peter."

Now—an electric shaver designed specially for women...

Lady Sunbeam

the new, gentle, safe, quick way to remove hair from underarms and legs

Here at last is the complete answer to an age-old feminine problem. In America, Lady Sunbeam became an instant best-seller; and now you, too, can achieve the immaculate leg and underarm grooming that modern fashions demand—without fuss, without mess, without nicks... so quickly does Lady Sunbeam work that unwanted hair is whisked away with a few strokes. So gently does it work that even the most sensitive skin stays soft and satin smooth... Change today to this modern, sensible, dainty method. Lady Sunbeam will be available at your normal Sunbeam dealers, chemists, jewellers, beauty salons and hairdressers.

This side for shaving underarms

This side for shaving legs

ACTUAL SIZE

She'll love this gift...

Lady Sunbeam is the ideal choice for every gift occasion. She'll certainly appreciate the perfect grooming Lady Sunbeam will give her for years and years to come.

Enjoy new freedom from nicks, cuts and razor soreness—No fuss, no mess!

Never again need you put up with old-fashioned blade shaving, abrasive rubs or messy chemicals. Lady Sunbeam is so gentle and safe that you can apply an underarm deodorant as soon as you finish shaving. It smooths legs so beautifully that you can go without stockings altogether or wear the very sheerest without embarrassment. Sunbeam's exclusive "Micro-Twin" shaving head is the secret of this amazing efficiency!

Small as a compact...

3 lovely colours to choose from!

Lady Sunbeam is as gracefully styled as the loveliest compact. Choose your favourite pastel colour!



TURQUOISE

PINK

BLUE



All day—every day, you need Lady Sunbeam's perfect grooming





Reporter at large at a HAT PARADE

• Sydney's most elegant hat salon generally has that carpeted satin-lined hush of the exclusive establishment where a hat is no longer a hat but a creation, and any sound above a whisper is almost a grave indiscretion.

THE long low salon is oyster-grey with dull goldleaf ceiling clusters and elegant sofas.

Venetians keep out the harsh light from Elizabeth Street and big windows tune down the clatter of trams to a gentle mutter. Wall mirrors reflect the glow of flowers or a touch of emerald or rose on a hat displayed with subtle determination.

But when I found a shady corner in Henriette Lamotte's salon recently for her parade of autumn and winter hats, in aid of the Peter Pan Free Kindergarten, a bald-headed man in a white boiler suit was fiddling with a battery of glaring lights which the cruel mirrors picked up from every angle, seven photographers were stumbling over each other as they twiddled lenses, a television camera crew were making curious hand-signals to the man at the spotlights, and nearly 150 women, on three sides of a display platform carpeted in cardinal-red, were at it—full blast.

I settled down to watch and listen.

Loud kiss

THE light, flooding under the half-lowered venetians at the salon's far end, had turned the satin of a silver sofa almost white. An explosion of cigarette smoke was almost sky blue against a rusty scarlet costume. A hearty kiss was loud and wet above the noise as Madame Lamotte, in black and jewelled glasses, welcomed a friend with "ULLO, chérie."

Above the noise lifting from bobbing heads and flowered bonnets, I began to distinguish disordered scraps of conversation.

"Did you see Charles last night?" "Yes, she's awfully sweet." "London in June." "House at Palm

Beach" . . . There were many more, but in one slight lull I heard a high, thin voice say, "She's clammy, darling."

Then the talk faltered and stopped. There was a dry scuffling among the women as they settled themselves. The show had begun.

At least, everyone thought it had until the French Consul-General (M. Jean de Montousse), with a thin smear of beard from ear to ear and looking like a poor man's Professor Harry Messel, got going.

He was witty, gallant, obscure, irrelevant—the sort of speech which sounds dull if you try to report it.

But as every woman present watched him, and smiled at him as they watched, you could see them flicking the

on to a satin settee, and the first hat appeared, they dismissed him completely.

There were pillboxes and turbans and berets worn with minks and ermines and sables. There were fur hats ("Joost three little mink skins," intoned Madame Lamotte) and velvet hats and leather hats.

But although I liked many and approved their close-fitting smallness compared with the hideous pudding-basins seen around, the price tags openly dangling from mink and sable worried me aesthetically and economically.

I soon found, as photographers scuttled about, flashlights splashed in the mirrors, and the parade rapidly became like a film studio rehearsal.

By RONALD McKIE, staff reporter

pages of all the men in their lives—picking and choosing, selecting and discarding.

He began by explaining that the Congress of Vienna in 1815, which had laid down the duties of diplomatic and consular corps, had not included opening hat shows.

Although probably not one woman in 25 had ever heard of the famous Congress, they applauded and kept on applauding, for the clapping was not for what he said, but for him and the way he said it.

M. de Montousse said a lot, for not until about 15 minutes later did he conclude his speech by singing in a charming throaty way a much watered version of a naughty French song:

"In our village we all love hats,
But I wear a bowler hat
And my wife wears a round bonnet,
And the priest wears only his tonsure."

The women had watched M. le Consul-General with an amused tolerant tenderness, but the moment he subsided

REPORTER Ronald McKie (above, right) takes in the model paraded by Judy Barracough at the showing of Lamotte's autumn hats.

with only their eyes incredibly alive.

But two older women intrigued me a lot. I particularly noticed them, because they were so restful beside three women near them who never stopped chewing.

They gossiped, with little nods and quiet smiles, from start to finish, and only occasionally sent keen glances at a particularly smart hat or fur.

There was a subtle, elusive charm in the way they put glamor in its place, and I warmed to them.

Mink and sable

THE hats came and went, mink hats and black hats, green hats and Persian lamb hats, until I was so mesmerised that I almost failed to react to June Massey in a scarlet beret with black horns and a saucy sable stole.

I was sitting there empty-faced, my breathing a little shallow, hardly noticing the woman along from me who jabbed her companion every time a fur hat appeared, when an alien movement down one of the rows attracted my attention.

What I'd seen was a woman's foot give a jerk and her shoe come off. As I watched, it was clear she was having trouble with the other.

She wriggled the foot, stretched it, pressed hard on the toe, failed. Then she carefully lifted her other foot, put the nail of her big toe on the top of the back of the shoe, pushed down, and off the shoe came.

Then she wiggled the toes of both feet and settled them quietly and contentedly side by side.

Her eyes never left the hats, and her soft, vacant, lost expression never changed.

I was still thinking about hats and the emotions they generate when the parade suddenly ended and on came the champagne and chicken sandwiches.

And in half a minute the salon was just like closing time at the local.

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and let it gleam with the shining
silkeness of perfect cleanliness . . .



Wonderful Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo gently rids your hair of every trace of dirt, dust and dandruff . . . takes away excess oiliness. It rinses out easily, leaving your hair silken, shining soft . . . so easy to manage. Don't be trapped into buying harsh detergent shampoos which dry the scalp and make hair brittle. Colinated Foam Shampoo contains no detergents whatsoever. It is a natural product that nourishes as it cleans your hair, making it healthier, lovelier. Sets stay in longer, too. Price: 3/9 a bottle.



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Velmol—a superb hairdressing for both women and men. Keeps 'difficult' hair in place and gives unruly hair that well groomed look. It acts as a tonic and discourages dandruff. Perms and home-sets last longer when damp-set with Velmol. In the new 'sprinkler' top bottle—2/9 at any chemist or store.



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THIS IS A
WON'T-EAT



It's playing hard-to-feed, poor silly thing. Secretly, of course, it enjoys good food as much as anybody, and if someone put a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes in front of it this minute there'd be practically no holding it! One mouth-watering whiff of those flavour-loaded, energy-loaded flakes and it would be spooning away like everybody else.

ANY WON'T-EATS
IN YOUR FAMILY?

Better get some Kellogg's Corn Flakes—quick! Fuss-pots and fancy-eaters can't resist them.



THERE'S AN ENGINE-DRIVER IN THE HOUSE . . .

and three small ones besides—that's how it is at 442 Botany Rd., Alexandria, N.S.W., where almost every day the lady of the house, twinkling Mrs. Johnson, puts her Hoover to work and hangs out the

cleanest wash of all

Meet Mrs Johnson at home with her Hoover

In her own words: "Exactly like boiling, that's what I tell the neighbours about Hoover. What other washer would give such a clean, sweet-smelling wash so quickly? That goes for really dirty things, too, like my husband's overalls and children's knockabout clothes. No wonder I still bless the day Dad said, 'Let's get a Hoover!'"



Exclusive HOOVER 'boiling action' PULSATOR . . .

flushes, lifts, tumbles and turns every single article to wash away dirt and dinginess.

This is a washing machine to satisfy an engine-driver's wife, yet it gently handles pretty things. The Hoover Pulsator nudges out dirt with a deep-cleaning action as thorough as boiling.

New self-adjusting ELECTRIC WRINGER

Takes everything from a double blanket to a hankie with ease, and carefully squeezes them damp-dry. The control panel has a stop button you can work with your knee or thigh, leaving your hands free.

POWER RINSE prevents that 'half-rinsed' look.

In half a minute, the Hoover power rinses right in the machine, sending a stream of clean water pumping through and through your clothes, draining away dirty suds that lead to "grey" whites and dingy coloureds.



When the wash is over, the wringer fits snugly down inside the washer and the machine rolls out of the way.

PRICE 82 GUINEAS
or a few shillings a week

HOOVER

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Over forty makes of washers to look at . . .
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There's a Hoover for every home and purse

The Hoover with the hand wringer is still available. Same big tub, same wonderful washing action as every Hoover has. You can put it to work for you for only £66.15.0 or a few shillings a week.

HW.44.WW.140

Modern courtship

● Drastic changes have occurred in courting in the past few years, to the stage where engagement rings, and even engagements, are optional.

IN the modern home when the telephone rings incessantly and "It's Peter wanting to talk to Jane" for the tenth time that day—everyone knows they have a modern courtship on hand.

Courting has changed drastically in the past few years. For one thing, it has become distinctly less romantic since the days when Camille's lover carried her into their love-nest over a carpet of violets.

"What are you thinking about, darling?" said a young man, seeing his newlywed wife pensively dreaming away by the fireside in their cottage. "I was thinking," she replied, "that you didn't clean the bath this morning."

Another major change is that many parents have dropped out of the scene and the young people have it all to themselves.

The farthest that many parents dare go towards remonstrance is summed up in the remark made by actress Joyce Grenfell in one of her shows: "Daddy and I are delighted that you are going to marry a middle-aged Portuguese conjurer, darling. But are you sure he will make you happy?"

Today there is a tendency for the young man to meet his girl at a friend's party, to date her at the theatre or the club, and drop her off at her home. And parents have got used to it.

In fact, parents are growing to accept the idea that their daughters go out when they like, and few questions asked. Until one day they casually remark, "I'm going to marry John."

Mothers, we note, more often than not sympathise with the new freedom, perhaps regretting opportunities lost in their own youth.

But fathers of daughters fall into fits of Victorianism and say that someone has to take a firm stand in this house, and she can't go, or she must be home by eleven, or before she goes out the young man must be brought home and introduced to her parents.

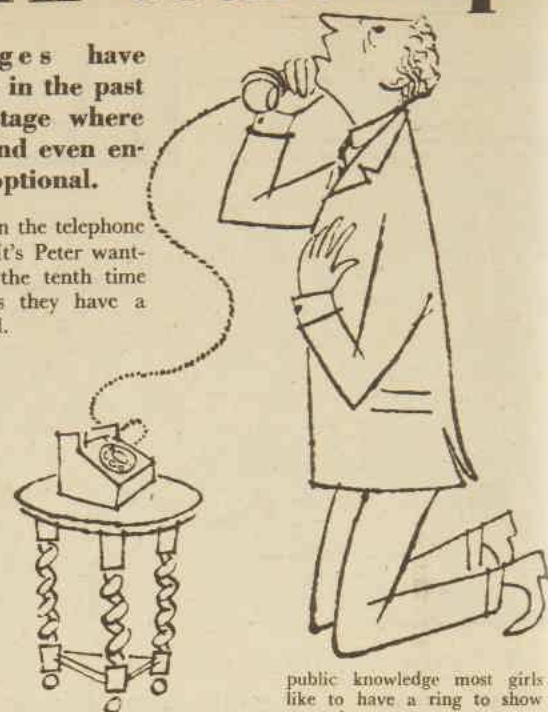
Present-giving

THE ban is off a girl accepting only certain presents from a man. A girl may now accept what she wants as a present from her young man, instead of being compelled by the social code to return anything that was not a book, flowers, or chocolates.

Some people still make a distinction between the propriety of accepting a personal present (a cheque or handbag) as against an impersonal one (a plant or picture).

But the distinction rarely holds between an engaged couple. And few parents would get out the shotgun because a suitor gave their daughter a cardigan.

On the other hand, it goes without saying that a girl is unwise to accept a pleaded



nylon nightie from a man whom she never wishes to see again.

Since present-giving generally has taken a more practical turn, this has made nonsense of the idea of giving presents back if the engagement is broken off. For what man wants back a used handbag, a collection of laddered nylons, or a piece of costume jewellery with half the stones out?

Where the present is of lasting value—such as real jewellery—it is still good manners to offer it back if she has nothing serious in mind. Although there are women—for whom

By London writers
ANNE EDWARDS
and
DRUSILLA BEYFUS

we hold no brief—who take the view that whatever was given them remains theirs.

Said actress Alice Delysia, famous collector of jewels and lovers, "I give nothing back."

Blitz on romance

MOST young men still produce an engagement ring. This is true even when in their financial position it would be more practical to put the money towards a carpet. It is one of the few sentimental social customs to survive the economic blitz on romance.

But both rings and engagements are optional today, and it is purely a personal decision whether to have either. It is not a question of money but of individual inclination. "I have no engagement ring," said ballet star Dame Margot Fonteyn when she married. "I don't think engagements are a good idea."

These days the man usually asks the girl first what kind of ring she wants, or they go off and buy it together. As soon as the engagement is

public knowledge most girls like to have a ring to show around.

The type of ring depends on the girl's taste, and if she prefers an antique or semi-precious ring to a diamond affair it is her own business, and no one is to say that he loves her the less. For her friends now realise that the couple might prefer to put good curtains before an expensive ring.

At the same time, the modern engaged girl may have to reckon with the views of older generations which set great store on the expensiveness of the ring.

With some parents the feeling remains that if a girl does not collect an impressive engagement ring the family can scarcely hold up its head among the neighbors. But most girls bear this with fortitude and please themselves.

Congratulations

ON the announcement of an engagement, friends of the pair are supposed to send a letter of congratulation.

The traditional move is to write to the girl congratulating the man on his good fortune ("We do congratulate John"), no matter how flagrantly the facts of the case may run counter to the convention.

Today the congratulations are usually sent in a note to whomever the writer knows best, written on the how-pleased-we-are-to-hear-of-the-engagement lines, along with good wishes for their happiness.

Wedding ring

HE pays for it, she chooses it, he keeps it until the wedding day. Once again the kind of ring is a question of fashion, and these days this includes a broad band of gold, a ring of silver chain, or a thin platinum ring.

Some girls prefer to wear a jewelled eternity ring instead of a wedding ring, but this is not used at the ceremony.

NEXT WEEK :
Modern Weddings

SHIP ON FIRE!

"B0545? . . . ship on fire!"

As soon as this alarm is given, the N.S.W. Maritime Services Board Fire Float Brigade goes into action and within minutes control float "Endeavour" is on its way.

"Boray," "Burrowaree," and "Bennelong," diverted from their role as tugs in the Board's dredging, construction, and salvage works, follow close behind, heading full steam towards the fire.

Every fire float is equipped with direct radio-telephone so it may be directed to the scene immediately.

After working-hours, a system of alarms calls out the watch crew while other members are alerted to stand by.

Each float has a permanent mooring position and in a recent trial turn-out the crews of "Boray" and "Burrowaree" had their ships under way within three minutes from the time the alarm was sounded.

Harbor control

THE headquarters of the Board's Brigade is at Goat Island, in the heart of the commercial area of the harbor.

It is a tiny island of grassy slopes, gardens, tennis court, swimming pool, recreation hall, and barrack accommodation for 14 single men as well as separate home units for 16 married men and their families.

All fire-fighting floats are dual-purpose craft.

The "Endeavour," during normal working-hours, is used as an inspection launch of dredging and floating plants.

The "Boray," "Burrowaree," and "Bennelong" operate as tugs in the Board's dredging, construction, and salvage work.

The two 500 h.p. diesel-engined sister tugs, "Boray" and "Burrowaree" (their aboriginal names mean North Head and Inner South Head), are each 100 feet overall, have a maximum speed of 10.4 knots, and carry two non-corrodible fire pumps capable of delivering between them a total of 2200 gallons of salt water a minute.

Pressure pumps

AT top pressure these pumps can throw a stream to a height of 120 feet or horizontally to a distance of 150 feet.

With their salvage work equipment they are also capable of pumping water out of a stricken ship at the rate of 960 tons per hour.

In the aft of each float is a 1000 gallon tank of soap solution, which, when mixed with salt water and on contact with air, forms a total smothering mass of 660,000 gallons of foam indispensable for oil fires.

Each tank takes approximately 33 minutes to empty.

One thousand feet of oil booms — hinged, kapok-filled canvas cylinders in 25-foot lengths—are stored at Goat Island for the purpose of cordoning off an oil blaze, which may then be smothered.

Since the Brigade was established 55 years ago there have been many fire outbreaks in Sydney Harbor, but because of the effectiveness of the force few have reached major proportions.

Fine record of harbor fire force

WATCHING three monitors (water throwers) in action is Captain D. Luckett, who is in command of the fire floats.



ABOVE: "Burrowaree," Sydney Harbor fire float, is capable of delivering 2200 gallons of water per minute. Pictures by Donald Horne, of Coogee.

RIGHT: Crew members demonstrate the effectiveness of hose lines used with the monitors. The water used is drawn directly from the Harbor.





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a Sportscraft skirt

in rich **Kooba Cloth**

For over 50 years of tailoring finesse, unsurpassed detailing and quality of wear have made Sportscraft skirts a tradition! Here—a pure wool Kooba Cloth, stitched slimly over the hipline—then unfurling into a soft swirl of box and knife-edged pleats. In brown and blue watch plaids, iridescent char worsteds, plain worsteds and houndstooth checks. XSSW-XW, priced about £9/10/-

AT ALL FINE STORES IN 3 PERFECTLY PROPORTIONED LENGTHS

SHORT
AVERAGE
TALL

Sportscraft

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN CLASSIC



HUNGARIAN BOYS on the lawn at "Maiya Wamba" with (right) Father Kevin Toomey. Australian "parents" are impressed with the teenagers' manners, and say the first words they learn are "please," "thank you," "excuse me," "pardon," and "how do you do."

Families rush new sons and daughters

● Hungarian teenagers are described by Father Kevin Toomey, of the Victorian Young Christian Workers' Association, as the "most Australian" migrants he has yet met.

THE TEENAGERS—170 boys and girls aged between 14 and 20—arrived in Victoria during February. All of them now have new families, new clothes, and new jobs.

"These young people have settled in so quickly," Father Toomey said, "and now Australian youth in general takes over. I'm glad to say already our boys and girls are doing a good job."

Most of the Hungarians have adopted an Australian version of their names.

"Lazlo" has become Les, Andras is Andrew, Miklos is Mick, Ferenc is Frank, Istvan is Stephen, and Joseph has been shortened to Joe.

But Father Toomey had some laughs with them in their first attempts to become Australians.

"When confronted with a plate of cereal at breakfast, some of them began eating it dry with a fork," he said.

"It is our fruit shops that have captivated them most. They hadn't seen oranges for six years."

The Young Christian Workers' Association appealed for families to "adopt" the teenagers. Immediately the appeal was made offers poured in from all over Victoria.

The young Hungarians are not legally adopted, but will live with these families as long as they are happy there.

"Probably most of them will stay with their 'foster families' until they marry," Father Toomey said.

"As far as possible we have settled them with families similar to their own in every way."

Most of the boys I saw were apprenticed to engineering and motor trades in Hungary, and most of the girls were factory workers.

All the boys had been in the fighting in Budapest.

They are being placed in suitable jobs by the Apprenticeship Board and Commonwealth Employment.

The boys spent their first two days in Victoria at an old home in Cheltenham.

Set in extensive grounds, "Maiya Wamba" (that is aboriginal for House of

Youth) is normally used as a weekend training centre for young Catholic leaders.

The girls spent their first two days at "Lowana" in Balwyn, another training centre.

When the time came to introduce the young Hungarians to their Australian families there was excited anticipation.

Mrs. Frank Lyttleton, whose husband is Victorian secretary of the Printing Industry Employees' Union of Australia, was excited when I met her at the informal parents-meet-Hungarians gathering.

She reeled off all the clothes she had bought for "her" boy, what she had planned for his first Australian dinner at their Brighton Beach home, and how they had prepared 11-

By
SHEILA McFARLANE,
staff reporter

year-old son Vincent's room to take another.

Mrs. Lyttleton's lad is Michael Geraszin, 15, who is a fitter and turner.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyttleton have two daughters, Diane, 14, and Nola, 6, as well. All the "foster families" averaged three children of their own.

Mrs. Lyttleton illustrated the feelings of most of the "foster parents" when she told me that she and her husband have taken one, because it is what they would like done for their children if the situation had been reversed.

Worth Reporting

IN Sydney recently on a short holiday to see friends was Henry Krips, resident conductor of the South Australian Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Krips, whose "Land of Mine" (with words by Sydney poet John Wheeler) is played in schools throughout Australia, also won the Olympic Contest with "Southern Intermezzo," a saxophone solo.

"I don't get enough time for composition," Mr. Krips said. "You need leisure for concentration, and leisure is something of which I never have enough."

Mr. Krips has two sons, Henry (11) and Michael (5).

"I will be leaving my wife and the boys in September for six months," he said, "to do 13 Thursday night concerts with the B.B.C. and to record some long-playing discs with the London Philharmonic."

Mr. Krips, who was abroad last year with his family, saw the Australian film "Sons of Matthew" in Venice.

"I wrote the background music for it a long time ago, and was interested to see it on the Continent, where Australian films are very popular," he said.

Although he insists he has no time for composition, Mr. Krips' work includes music for the ballet "Revolution of the Umbrellas"; background music for other Australian films, including "Power and the Glory" and "Smithy"; and the entrance music to Cinesound News.

SYDNEY barrowmen are always being criticised, but a story to balance the scales was told by a colleague this week.

A Pitt Street barrow had lettuce at two for 1/-. Our friend asked for one. The barrowman slipped two into a bag and only charged for one. Our friend, thinking honesty the best policy, told him his mistake.

But, "Mistake nothing! Can't I be generous if I want to?" asked the barrowman. "Can't I give a lettuce away?"

To prove this wasn't the exception, another friend on another day bought six oranges for 1/-. The barrowman put eight into the bag, saying: "You might as well have a couple extra."



FROM Paris comes this story of an oil millionaire from Texas, U.S.A., who was asked what he thought about Paris.

He pointed to the Eiffel Tower and said "I was all set to brag about Texas until I saw that big oil well you've got right in the middle of the city."

Plastic in the palace

ONE of the few Australians to have seen over the Monaco Palace — home of Prince Rainier, Princess Grace, and Princess Caroline — is Yvonne Simpson, of North Balwyn, Victoria.

Last year, for a fee of 200 francs (about 5/-), she joined a party of 20 for a conducted palace tour. Each party went at half-hourly intervals through a side garden, entered the courtyard, then walked up the magnificent two-sided marble staircase.

"At lightning speed," said Miss Simpson, "we were taken through the reception rooms, the throne room, and the galleries."

"The good-looking and slightly supercilious guide spoke only French, so his comments on the rooms and furnishings were rather lost on me."

"There was, however, a beautiful portrait of Prince Rainier's mother in a gown of the 1920s."

Miss Simpson said: "There's a very careful housekeeper at the palace. All the brocade and velvet curtains had been carefully enclosed in transparent plastic covers so that the people who 'just like to touch' won't soil them."

FREE HOT WATER IN YOUR HOME

● You needn't pay any more gas or electricity bills for hot water if you install a new type of solar heater recently perfected by Australian engineers.

THE heater, which you can build yourself, works on the principle of trapping the sun's rays.

A normal heating system (if you have one) can be adapted so it automatically comes into operation in cases of prolonged bad weather.

Full details of this solar heater, and how to build it, are featured in the first issue of "Practical Householder," the new monthly magazine.

"Practical Householder" is entirely different from the

usual "home" magazine. Every issue is devoted exclusively to "do-it-yourself" money-saving articles, covering every sort of job from renewing a tap washer to building a weekender.

Clear photos and expert line drawings make each task so easy that even the "unhandiest" man or woman can follow it step by step.

You can buy "Practical Householder" from your newsagent now for only 2/-.

Fine work of Youth Commissioner

CANON (Padre) H. ("Happy Harry") Thorpe will see the climax of 10 years' work when St. Michael's P.O.W. Memorial Children's Home, for 40 little girls, is opened at Kelso, N.S.W., on May 4.

Padre Thorpe has worked for 10 years for the young people of the Bathurst Diocese of the Church of England and is Diocesan Commissioner.

In World War II he enlisted as a private in the 2/29th Bn., 8th Division, A.I.F., and was known to Australian and British troops as "the fighting parson" and "Happy Harry."

After the fall of Singapore he was unofficial padre to P.O.W.'s working on the Burma-Thailand railway.

He was awarded the M.B.E. for his work there.

At the end of June Canon Thorpe will have a year's leave from the diocese. While he is away his work will be carried on by the new Anglican Youth Council and the Children's Home Council.

The day after the opening of St. Michael's — the first Anglican children's home in the central west of N.S.W. — there will be a youth rally in Bathurst, with a service for youth at the Cathedral.

Two hours for dinner

HUNGARIAN-BORN chef Janos Gelenscer, author of a new cook book, "The Continental Flavor," lists "Kangaroo Steak Joey" and "Kangaroo Tail Consomme," which add a dash of local color to the collection.

When first in this country, Mr. Gelenscer was posted to outback South Australia, where he became adept in first catching his 'roo, then in cooking it.

Later he went to Adelaide, his present home, where he started a course for housewives and career girls who wanted to try their hands at Continental cookery.

Continental cookery, he says, isn't as difficult as Australians think.

The dishes he provides in his recipe book include local ingredients.

"Australians must give themselves time to appreciate their food," he said. "They must allow the minimum of two hours for dinner. That is healthy. Hurrying is no good. Besides, if they shovel it down they cannot enjoy the flavor."

"The use of wine in cooking improves appetite and balances the rich food. Did you know that when wine is used in a dish the flavor remains, but the alcohol is cooked out?"

Australians, who have wonderful supplies of meat, fruits, vegetables, and good local wines, need only follow Mr. Gelenscer's book to give their food the Continental flavor. Few, however, will attempt to rival one particular illustration, which shows in the background a cut-glass, rose-filled vase.

"Roses and vase I made," said Mr. Gelenscer. "All of sugar."



AFTER a big wash

a dirty cuff's no joke!



"I could have cried . . . two hours in the laundry with a load of washing and John's shirt still only half clean!"

Just a touch of good, golden Sunlight on those extra dirty spots before clothes go into the copper or washer makes sure of a wash that's clean all over. Use all the extra washing power in Sunlight and get clothes really clean — Sunlight clean.

EXTRA DIRTY SPOTS NEED SUNLIGHT'S EXTRA WASHING POWER

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Su.301.WW43g

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Just add milk . . .

SCONES MORE DELICIOUS THAN EVER BEFORE



And new Puffin Scone Mix is
the easiest way ever to make . . .



TEACAKES

72 Pikelets from 1 packet

For only 2/6, new Puffin Scone Mix makes 2 dozen Pancakes, 20 Savoury Pinwheels or 72 Pikelets. Special recipes you thought too tricky to try in the little time you have these days, now seem like child's play — and so quick. You'll find the recipes on every Puffin Scone Mix packet. Try them and prove Puffin's wonderful value yourself.



PIKELETS



FRUIT

AND NUT ROLL



SAVOURY PINWHEELS



"Now you can make golden, light scones
almost with your eyes shut,"

says *Betty King* Home Economist of World Brands

No more weighing, sifting, measuring and rubbing-in shortening! With new Puffin Scone Mix, you just add milk, mix and bake. Fifteen minutes later you're looking at the highest, lightest, most handsome scones you've ever baked — or the neighbours have ever seen.

And they'll soon find these new scones of yours aren't only for show. They're *delicious*! You know how it is with a good scone — you don't exactly get a flavour, but a *feeling* as you bite — a warm sensation of something fresh and light and wonderful melting in your mouth. Your scones will taste like that every time you bake.

Your new scone skill will never fail because Puffin gives you that magic, light touch every time. That's because new Puffin Scone Mix contains special "soft" flour and enriched shortening, exactly measured and precreamed.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

You'll make golden, light scones with more delicious flavour. It's double your money back if you aren't delighted — so try Puffin Scone Mix as soon as you like.

American tennis champion weds

Well-known tennis personalities were among the guests when American tennis star Shirley Fry, holder of the Wimbledon, U.S., and Australian women's singles titles, married Karl Eugene Irvin at the Rose Bay Methodist Church, Sydney.



CONFETTI SHOWER (left) for Mr. and Mrs. Karl E. Irvin as they leave Rose Bay Methodist Church, Sydney. These color pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

SMILES from bride and groom (above) as they cut their wedding cake at the reception at Glen Ascham, Sydney. The bride wore white faille and guipure lace.



IN THE CHURCH PORCH (above) before the ceremony, the bride pauses with her matron of honor, Mrs. Marie Martin, of Armadale, Victoria, and Australian tennis official Cliff Sproule, who gave the bride away.

WEDDING GUESTS (right) included famous Australian tennis player Lee Hoad and his pretty wife, Jennifer. The bride and bridegroom, who are both Americans, will make their home in Sydney for two years.



Do it yourself
with bobby pins — a perm
and set all in one!



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Richard Hudnut's special pin-curl Home Perm for
soft, casual curls

(particularly for modern, short hair styles!)

NO OTHER HOME PERMANENT IS SO EASY
TO DO AS RICHARD HUDNUT'S PIN-QUICK.

Just put up your hair in bobby pins, apply the wonder-
ful lanolin-rich waving lotion, follow with Magic Curl
Control and that is all! When your hair is dry, take
out the bobby pins and your hair is set in your favourite
casual style.

Dries in minutes instead of hours . . . use a hair dryer,
go out in the sun or sit in front of a fire or warm oven.
Magic Curl Control makes Pin-Quick the only home
permanent you can quick-dry . . . and it sets the wave
in your hair and curls ends naturally and gracefully.

Pin-Quick leaves your hair beautifully clean and fresh
with no unpleasant, after-permanent odours—smooth,
shining, silken soft.



CHEMISTS AND STORES
EVERYWHERE sell Pin-
Quick, the amazing, simple,
easy-to-do home perm by
Richard Hudnut . . . 13/-

BUTCH



"Youse guys'd better go ahead wit'out
me. I forgot my hanky."

MOTHER



"Be careful not to say anything that will
make Mum cross with us."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

THE American practice
of giving girls' names
to cyclones has spread to
Australia, judging by
Clara, of recent memory.

A weather man whom I
consulted sounded pretty fed
up with the whole thing.

Yes, he agreed, the Queens-
land Weather Bureau did
name cyclones "in a desultory
way." Bureaus in other States
didn't.

The Press, he implied, was
responsible for spreading this
frivolous notion. Altogether it
was clear that he himself
didn't approve of christening cyclones.

Yet there's no doubt that a name does give
a cyclone a status which it wouldn't otherwise
enjoy, especially for those who haven't felt its
full fury.

A couple of weeks ago when the weather
was still fine and sultry in New South Wales
Clara was already familiar to Queenslanders.

One night I was attracted by a broadcast
report which said she was then "moving aim-
lessly over the Coral Sea."

The Coral Sea is intrinsically a romantic
place-name. World War II added it to history.

One pictured Clara roaming round it, aim-
lessly stirring up trouble and waves bigger
than ship's captains had encountered in 40
years at sea.

Consequently when last week the wind began
to howl round the building so that the windows
rattled like machine-guns, I woke in the night
and thought, "Well, here's Clara, come to
have a look at King's Cross."

Next day it was an anti-climax to know
that only the fringe of Clara's skirts had
touched the city. She had swirled off to
wherever lady cyclones live, probably telling
her successor (Cynthia, perhaps?) to be sure
not to miss the city sights.

AFTER last year's ruthless banishment
of greenery from the home, I have
now begun a new collection.

Accompanying friends to an indoor plant
nursery at a beach resort, I fell for a philodendron.
What swayed me was the service
offered by this establishment. When the plant
outgrows the pot you can take it back and
have it repotted free. If it is ailing, you can
take it along for diagnosis.

The idea of toting one's plant along to the
nursery (like a baby to a clinic) entranced me.

Distance doesn't deter your real enthusiast.
The owner told me that one keen indoor gar-
dener, a bachelor, bought two years ago a
small pot of American Ivy (*Hedra canariensis*,
if you'd care to know).

The plant had only three leaves when he
bore it off to his flat.

Since then, although he lives 22 miles away,
he has taken it back at regular intervals for
repotting. It is now considered a triumph in
indoor plant circles, having two trailing
branches three or four feet long with leaves
"evenly spaced and beautifully marked."

Lacking consistency in these occasional
enthusiasms, I doubt my philodendron will
ever become so celebrated. But if callers
should find a jungle greeting them at the front
door they'll know what started it.

LAST week I mentioned
what the retail trade
calls "impulse buys" Shop-
ping at the weekend I fell
for some.

In a chain store, innocently
buying shelf paper, my eye lit
on a placard reading:
"Famous authors. Three for a
shilling. Take one to read on
the bus."

I wasn't planning a bus ride,
but it is hard to resist a
famous author for fourpence.
So I picked up Francis Bret
Harte's "How Santa Claus
Came to Simpson's Bar," and
then saw a nearby batch of paper-backed books
marked, "Small, 6d. Large, 1/-."

The British Space Fiction Magazine proved
to be Large. The shelf-paper by now had cost
double its initial price.

The weekend was wet, but pleasant. Turn-
ing out cupboards is not an uncongenial job,
and reading about Mary makes a nice change
when you pause for a cup of tea.

The plotters who organise the chain store
counters probably know that a woman buying
shelf paper is an easy mark for reading matter.
If she had a glamorous weekend programme
ahead she wouldn't be turning out cupboards.

They're quite right, and it's frightening to
realise how well they understand their
shoppers.

GIVING evidence in a London court
case, Jaime Orteza-Patino, grandson
of the Bolivian tin millionaire, said that
his wife had once thrown a £30,000
diamond ring in his face.

A sensible woman keeps her £30,000
rings in the bank, of course, and uses
paste replicas as weapons.

SCIENTISTS are conducting experi-
ments in tranquillising fish, sharks,
and even whales. Meanwhile drugs which
tranquillise humans are increasingly
popular.

*If all the fish were tranquillised
And all the people too,
Then would the world in consequence
Take on a rosy hue?*

*Would fish and sharks and likewise
whales
Drift gently to and fro?
And citizens unbait their hooks
While sighing "Let them go"?*

*And would ambition's razor-edge
Be dulled for man and fish?
And wishes never be fulfilled
When no one has a wish?*

*Would life on land and sea be calm
And tranquil evermore?
Or would it (pessimistic thought)
Become an awful bore?*

It's pure wool...it's 40" wide
...and only 44/6 a yard!

(Price variation in Queensland)

"Montrose"

BRUSSELS CARPET BY BACMANCO

THE "TWEED LOOK"

1

THE "MORISQUE LOOK"

2

1 THE "TWEED LOOK" COMES IN SIX BEAUTIFUL COLOURS..... *Summer Sky (above)*



Charcoal



Claret



Rose Dawn



Sea Spray



Misty Pearl

2 AND HERE'S THE "MORISQUE LOOK" IN FIVE LOVELY SHADES. *Burgundy (above)*



Frost



Mushroom



Lagoon



Willow

It's wool...it's woven...it's wonderful!

"Montrose" Brussels carpet gives you the same wear as far more expensive carpeting. Why, you can wall-to-wall a 12' x 10' room with "Montrose" for under £27 (add approx. £4-7-6 for underfelt)! And it has this wonderful advantage... the Brussels weave stops stains and footmarks showing. See "Montrose" at your nearest home furnishing store.



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"Aristo" Imperial Axminster, "Dynon", "Edinburgh", and "Montrose" Brussels Carpets,

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Only McIlwraith could bring you a quality electric range with such modern features and such all-round economy as "Thrifty-Three"!

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- Large oven space, perfectly balanced, forward-opening door, with grilling position
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- Easy-to-clean vitreous enamel interior
- Automatic oven control
- Special speedy-heat "Radiant" element.

Priced at only £72 with "Radiant" element, £75.



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Also available, standard oven Stovette, £27/10/-.

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Save the Day



the Laundry Way

Ring a COMMERCIAL LAUNDRY Now!

The Queen home again

Magnificent wardrobe, priceless jewels being prepared for visit to U.S.

● With the old-world glories of Portugal still vividly in her mind, the Queen has returned to England to begin long-range plans for her visit late this year to the plastic sophistications of modern America. In Portugal, real plush with pure gold fringe decorated the streets, a far cry from America's traditional ticker-tape welcomes to the great.

By
ANNE MATHESON,
who was in Portugal for the Royal tour

THE Queen will take the world's most priceless collection of jewellery with her when she goes, but will not take her Crown. The possibility of taking the Crown was explored, but constitutional authorities have ruled that it must not leave England.

The disappointment of the American people over the Crown is tempered by the news that the Queen will take with her four tiaras, all her diamond necklaces, clips, and brooches, her ear-rings, and her collection of diamond bracelets.

All the jewellery will be repolished and some of it

reset before the American visit.

It will highlight a wardrobe that has taken months of preparation to ensure that the collection reflects the elegance and perfection of the English couture.

Plans for the visit to America have now reached the blueprint stage in Britain and America, and only the strongest political reasons can now hold it up.

The American visit will show the Queen the stream-

lined life of the new world, a sharp contrast to her recently completed tour of Portugal.

This was a tapestry of Royal splendor highlighted with thoughtful gestures. Evidence of this was one of the first gifts to the Queen—a chestnut horse, presented in the hope that it will eventually replace her ceremonial mount "Winston," which recently died.

It was to have been a white horse, but when Winston died the Portuguese Government decided to present the Queen with a chestnut.

Even the Queen, used as she is to the pomp and spectacle of State visits, must have been dazzled by the color and brilliance of the Portuguese scene when she arrived.

Portugal is rich in wonderful treasures of the past, all of which were produced for the Queen's visit.

The Royal barge that brought her to the landing stage in Lisbon's fabulous Black Horse Square is hundreds of years old. It was gilded and rowed by 40 oarsmen wearing vivid scarlet loose-topped tunics and gold-tasselled black fishermen's caps.

The Queen stepped ashore wearing a royal-blue coat-frock with a collar of blue velvet which matched her close-fitting blue velvet hat.

She had pinned in her hat the diamond maple leaf brooch given to her by the people of Canada, and wore a diamond bow on her lapel and a four-row pearl necklace.

Nothing so splendid as the Royal dais on which she stood with the President of Portugal, General Lopes, and Madame Lopes, has ever been built for the Queen of England.

Supported by heavy gold columns, a huge velvet canopy lined with heavy white satin covered the dais—a glass reception-room. From this wonderful stand the Queen watched a parade of 6000 Portuguese soldiers.

After the parade, the Queen with the President stepped into a gold coach drawn by 12 white horses. All riders in the escort wore white-plumed gold helmets with their uniforms.

Coach mobbed

ENTHUSIASTIC crowds surged around the coach as it moved off in slow procession to the Queluz Palace, followed by the Duke of Edinburgh's coach and other coaches carrying their suites.

Madame Lopes, wife of the President, accompanied the Duke in his carriage. She wore a delphinium-blue dress and hat and had a matching blue rinse in her hair.

The crowds cheered and mobbed the coaches. No police could hold back the crowds who, in the heat of the midday sun, ran for more than a mile and a half with the procession.

Hundreds of photographers from every European nation ran with the crowds, recapturing the exciting scene. The Queen was gay and happy throughout, and the Duke of Edinburgh really enjoyed the crowd's exuberance.

The Royal Progress bumped over the cobbled streets through the plushiest decorations yet seen on a Royal tour. Where other countries deck their buildings in gay bunting and flags, the Portuguese had real crimson plush sweeping across the balconies.

Whole canopies were made of plush, seats were plush, and hundreds of banners in plush had pure gold fringe.

Nothing was imitation if the real thing could be had. Even the flagpoles were covered in pure gold leaf from top to bottom.

When the Royal Progress



THE QUEEN arriving at Ajuda Palace for the brilliant State banquet and reception given on the night of her arrival in Portugal. On many of the occasions during the visit, when sumptuous feasts cooked in the manner of the country were served, the thoughtful Portuguese provided the Queen with an alternative menu of simply cooked food.

Planning a new tour



ROYAL BOX at Sao Carlo Opera House, Lisbon, when the Queen attended a gala performance. From left to right: The Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen, President Lopes, and Madame Lopes. The Queen wore her magnificent jewels on this occasion. Before she left Portugal the Queen presented President Lopes with a painting by Graham Sutherland and Mme. Lopes with a set of finely etched glasses.

ended, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh changed into a modern car for the eight-mile drive to the coral-pink palace of Queluz, their home for their stay.

After a small, private luncheon, the Queen's first visitors arrived. They were 200 British children, who chose Peter Chesney (13) to read a speech of welcome.

After the speech they presented the Queen with a bouquet of yellow roses and sang "God Save the Queen."

Lavish banquet

THE Queen's first day had a brilliant climax when she attended a State banquet, followed by a gala reception in Ajuda Palace.

The Queen wore ice-blue sari organza embroidered from the bodice to the hip in a baroque design of heavy gold beads. She added a tiara and necklace in diamonds and emeralds and a Portuguese order with a ribbon like a rainbow, shading from rose to green to yellow.

The banquet tables were laden with some of the most finely wrought gold plate in the world, and the finest china was placed on pure satin damask.

The glittering chandeliers which hung from the painted ceiling and the mirrored walls reflected a scene of splendor such as Portugal has not known since it became a republic in 1910.

Some of the tapestries in

the banquet hall depicted scenes from the life of Don Quixote. They are among the rarest in Europe.

The banquet at Ajuda Palace was the first of many sumptuous feasts the Queen attended during the colorful State visit. Speeches of welcome and exchanges of gifts further cemented the alliance of England and her oldest ally, Portugal.

I will always remember the fabulous luncheon at the monastery of Alcobaca.

Alcobaca, in a very picturesque region, is one of Portugal's most important achievements in medieval architecture. It was the first centre of Portuguese culture, and parts of the building date back to 1038.

An envied Portuguese woman is Maria Mafra, who had the job of refurbishing the refectory at Alcobaca so that the Queen could have lunch there.

Maria, the daughter of the Duchess of Mafra, had satin damask specially woven for 120ft.-long tables.

"I cut the cloth myself only three days before the Queen's visit," she told me.

Priceless china belonging to the Cardinal of Lisbon, Persian rugs, Portuguese chests showing the influence of China, beautiful paintings, tapestries, chandeliers, and gold plate that has been in museums for centuries were brought from the Museum in trucks.



CORAL-PINK PALACE of Queluz, where the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh stayed on their State visit to Portugal. The palace was entirely rebuilt inside for the visit, which lasted only four days. The Queen's bedroom had a view of the formal gardens.

Stoves were transported for miles and set up in a kitchen once used by monks.

The luncheon was a dream of lobster, stuffed veal, rich chestnut and cream sweets.

A small private room for the Queen was exquisitely furnished with everything to hairpins. Another room for the Duke was furnished in equal taste and had everything he might need from toilet water to a bottle of whisky.

It took the Portuguese a month to arrange this palace within a monastery so that the Queen of England could lunch with the dignitaries of the church and town.

At the picturesque village of Nazare, the villagers gave the Queen a number of miniature fishing boats for

Prince Charles and dolls dressed in regional costumes for Princess Anne.

Portugal is noted for its embroideries and many of the Queen's gifts were magnificent examples of this art. They included a bedspread, a tablecloth, and lovely embroideries from Madeira.

In police bus

A FANTASTIC and unexpected ending to the Queen's tour was her trip with the Duke to Oporto airport in a police "pick-up" bus, a huge topless vehicle that is virtually Portugal's Black Maria.

The Queen and the Duke smiled happily as they drove along crowded streets in this van and were showered with flowers, confetti, rice, and rose petals.

The gay ride in this grim vehicle was arranged by the Duke when he and the Queen paid their last visit in Portugal, to the 200-year-old offices of the British Wine Growers.

Everyone was in the joke except the Queen. Inside, talking with one of the senior members of the wine firm, she said, "Isn't it nice. My husband is arranging that we go to the airfield in an open car."

After official farewells the Queen stepped off the red carpet, saw the gigantic topless vehicle waiting for her, and burst out laughing, "Oh, Philip!" she said, delighted. "Where do I sit?"

"In the back," said the Duke, and he and the Queen clambered up into the back of the van.

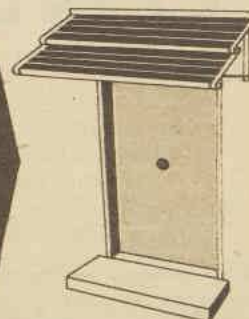
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MELLO-LITE is the only venetian blind with 3 main parts of aluminium

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Exclusive to Mello-lite is the rustproof aluminium head—beautifully moulded, it encloses the finest working mechanism.

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The bottom rail is aluminium giving one sweep of loveliness. No clips, staples or sharp edges to mar sills or gouge hands.

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Please forward me literature of "Mello-Lite" Aluminium Awnings and Venetians and name of supplier.

NAME
ADDRESS



ROYAL BARGE which carried the Queen from the Britannia across the Tagus River to the landing stage is hundreds of years old. Last time it was used was in 1855. It was rowed by cadets, who for weeks rehearsed their proud part in the visit.

300 MINUTES



SECTION OF LOUNGE, HOTEL MILFORD, RIGHT ON THE BEAUTIFUL MILFORD SOUND

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Any time is a good time to see New Zealand. For choice go in Autumn, the golden, unhurried season when the country sparkles. Enjoy the thrill of such world-famous sights as the great thermal region (1)



the unique glow-worm caverns. Visit the centres of Maori culture (2) the beautiful Southern lakeland, glaciers, forests and the majestic fjords (3) Fish, hunt, ski, play golf . . . or just relax. You'll love it.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 6, 1957

NEW COMPETITION

That unbelievable experience could win money for you

- This week we launch a fascinating new contest, "Strange but True." First prize for the best entry each week will be £10. Awards of £2 will be paid for all other entries printed each week.

THE contest, which will interest every member of the family, is easy to enter.

Simply write and tell us some true incident or story from your own life, a story that is summed up by the title of the contest, "Strange but True."

Your entry must be no

longer than 250 words. It can be shorter.

The story must be true and must not previously have been published.

The first winning entries will appear in our issue dated March 27.

The winners' names and addresses will be published with their entries.

The contest will be

entertaining as well as rewarding. Most people have experienced some happening that impressed them by its element of coincidence, luck, or strangeness.

The story can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

The entries will be judged only on their human interest—not on literary quality. So tell your story as simply as you like, just as you would relate it to a friend.

Here is an example:

"I was an Australian business girl who had saved up for years for a trip abroad. Some months before I sailed I met at a party a man from another State. Though I told him I was going abroad he kept inviting

me out and eventually proposed. My heart was so set on the trip that I refused him.

"One day in London, standing in a bus queue, I heard someone speak my name. It was the man I had refused but had never forgotten. A sudden change in business matters had brought him to England, and chance had taken him to the same bus stop. We were married and came back home together."

And another:

"After my mother's death we found an old photograph album and were intrigued by one picture of mother as a young girl with her arm round the waist of another girl no one in the family could identify.

"Soon after the school year started my youngest daughter brought home a new classmate to play after school. 'Don't you feel you've seen her before?' my eldest daughter asked. 'She's exactly like the little girl in the photo with Granny.'

"We got the album out and so she was. It wasn't so very surprising, for as the two families got to know each other, strange but true, my daughter's new classmate turned out to be the granddaughter of mother's forgotten girlhood friend."

HOW TO ENTER:

Write your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. Address entries to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned, nor any correspondence entered into.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter this contest.

"DOG TALK" No. 14

- What is the dog saying? Bright and descriptive captions for the dog pictured at right can win prize-money totalling £100.

THIS is the 14th in our "Dog Talk" Contest series and prize-money is made up of one award of £50, three of £10 each, three of £5, and five of £1.

You may send as many entries as you please, but each group must be accompanied by the identification coupon below.

First prize of £50 in "Dog Talk" Contest No. 11 was won by M. Harrison, 4 Gray St., Swansea, N.S.W.

The entry was, "He's always been a very good son to his poor old mother, Your Worship."

£10 prizes to: Miss A. Brady, 223 Wardell St., Enoggera, Qld.

"I was with my last firm for forty years."

Mrs. M. B. Green, 249 Park Ave., Kotara 2N., Newcastle, N.S.W.



"He's always been a very good son to his poor old mother, Your Worship."

"Oh, hello, dear. Been waiting up long?"

Mrs. L. M. Lilley, Box 33, Post Office, Shepparton East, Vic.

"Of course, my dear, I NEVER complain. It is not my way."

£5 prizes to: Mrs. M. Stanley, 66 Whistler St., Manly, N.S.W.

"Do go on, I just ADORE nuclear fusion."

Mrs. W. E. Brown, c/o Post Office, Cordalba, Qld.

"My name is Hans, ma'am. I've come to ask for Fifi's paw in marriage."

Hilda Direen, Private Bag 60, Lymington South, Huon, Tas.

"Now, the bride on her own, please."

£1 prizes to: Mrs. M. E. Slade, Douglas St., Hastings, Vic.

"You must choose between us, Bertram. I can't stand any more."

Miss S. Alexander, 26 Laver St., Kew, Vic.

"You'd think they kept elephants up there!"

E. A. Hiskens, 35 Brecknall St., Rockhampton, Qld.

"And I did so want to be a deb!"

Mrs. M. Maclean, 133 Acacia Rd., Sutherland, N.S.W.

"Honestly, dear, I've never seen her before in my life."

Miss C. Kinivan, 2 Robilliard St., Westmead, N.S.W.

"Helmut, promise me you'll write often."



"Dog Talk" No. 14

CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture above. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the same competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon on this page.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Dog Talk," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Dog Talk" Contest No. 14 will close on MARCH 11. Winners will be announced in our MARCH 27 issue.
5. The decision of the judges

will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.

6. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associate companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

ENTRY COUPON
The Australian Women's Weekly
"Dog Talk" Contest
No. 14, March 6, 1957.

Be lovelier...



enjoy the fragrant freshness of

three flowers TALCUM

Now contains a special odourless deodorant to keep you fresh all day!

YES...Three Flowers Talcum Powder is really wonderful! Fresh and fragrant as the flowers for which it is named...as gentle as a caress it smooths the skin with a lovely softness that makes you feel so cool and comfortable. And now it has a special odourless ingredient which neutralises the source of perspiration odours...makes the Three Flowers fragrance last longer...keeps you fresh all day. Be lovelier still with Three Flowers Talc!



Look for the gay

Red and Gold container

at chemists and stores everywhere... 3/-

CREATION OF Richard Hudnut NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY



Key designs from the Paris Collections



CHRISTIAN DIOR'S spectacular pink daytime coat (above) worn with black accessories. The coat has straight, unrestricted silhouette finished with a "guillotine" neckline. The material is shantung. Dior calls this line "Liberty."

JEAN DESSES' bare-topped evening dress (right), made in flower-printed faille. A new and interesting feature of the dress is a "puffed-up" back panel ending in a train. Dessex calls this new line "Sails in the Wind."

SPECIALLY air-mailed to us from Paris are these exclusive color pictures—direct from the spring collections.

The outstanding trend that emerges from the hundreds of designs paraded is softness and lightness—dresses float, ripple, and billow without any feeling of constriction.

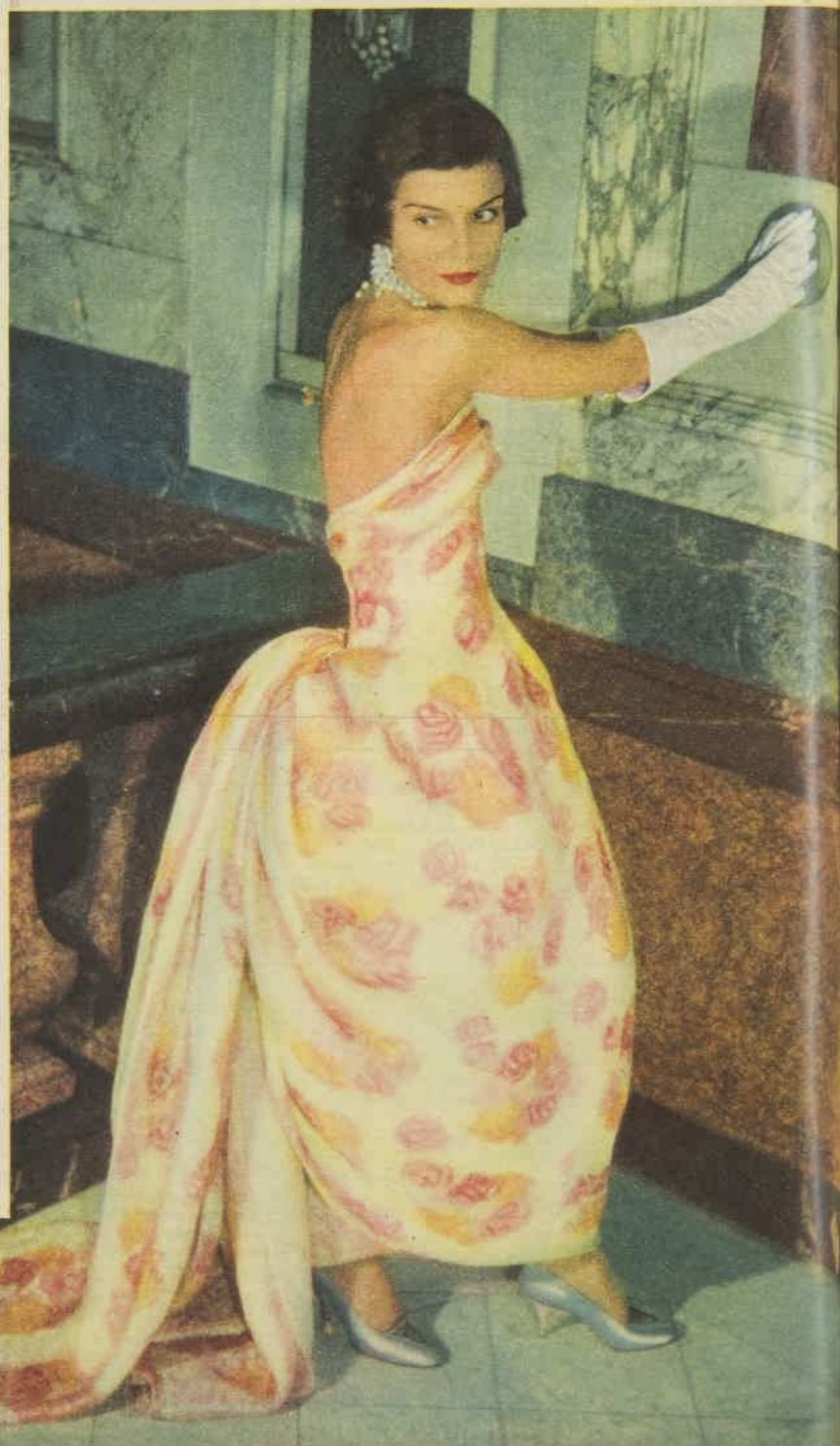
Chiffon is the material of the season; Paris uses it deliciously and deliberately to give movement to lighter-than-air dresses. Silk shan-

tungs, crepes, and failles have all turned soft.

The sari dress and the duster-cover dress make news.

Desses calls his back fullness "Sails in the Wind." Dior shows a new neckline that bares the throat and labels it "Guillotine."

Hemlines come up and go down, according to the time of day. Colors are pretty—daffodil-yellow, light and bright pink, and a wonderful brown, like coffee mixed with plenty of cream.





GUY LAROCHE, who has just opened his own dress house in Paris, uses pink shantung (above) for a sleeveless late-day dress. It has a soft and rounded bubble skirt finished with small self-material bow trims.

PIERRE BALMAIN launches the sari dress (below) for day and evening. The effect is achieved by a sari drape built into a slender sheath-dress. Here he presents one for town and a "formal" for the ballroom.



HEIM makes news with the two designs (above), a duster-cover dress (inspired by the dusters that cover statues) and a three-tiered suit. Note the new look of a soft turban.

FATH interprets the floating fabric trend (left) in a short-skirted evening dress made in white-spotted pink chiffon. The dress has a closely swathed bodice and a sari stole.

PATOU'S printed chiffon afternoon dress (right) has a floating lighter-than-air skirt. The dress is made over a silk slip in the same print. A velvet bow at centre front is the trim.



Here's your answer

● The problems of the teenager add up to a mountain of worry that, unbelievably to them, is surmounted happily as they grow older.

FIRST letter out of the mailbox this week is from a worried young girl. Here is her letter:
"ALTHOUGH I am only 15, I am almost 5ft. 11in. tall. I am said to be rather attractive and with a good personality, although I am sometimes rather quiet. Although the boys I know and meet are always very nice to me, they do not ask me out

as they do my girl-friends. Could I put this down to my height or am I just not 'the type'? You may think I am rather young to be worried about boys, but I have been working since I was 14, as I was in a higher class than my age at school."

"Discontented," Sydney.
The problem of the tall girl is very real, I know, but "tall" worries are like "freckle" worries — they literally fade in

importance as you gain in years.

At 15, however, the worry is tremendous. Its outward signs are hooped shoulders, head carried forward and stuck out as low as possible like a turtle's, an urge to sit down and telescope into an unsightly low-down shape, and, of course, flat-heeled shoes on all occasions.

Common to all tall girls is your inward worry: Does your

By
LOUISE HUNTER

height stop boys asking you out?

I think it does, but just for a while.

The boys it stops are ones who are unsure of their ability to attract girls. They are shy and afraid that you will refuse their invitations because they are too short for you, not because you are too tall for them.

When you are older and mix with boys who are more mature you will find your "tall" difficulties will fade.

This time will come sooner if you struggle to overcome your "too tall" complex. You have to make up your mind that you are going to stop your futile attempts to look shorter.

You can do this by walking well, with shoulders held back and head up, remembering that your height makes people look at you twice—an effect that shorter girls strive for all their lives. (Incidentally, all world-famous models have been extra tall; check their height if you believe inches are a curse.)

Always choose clothes because they become you and make you look your best, and do stop buying flatties except for the occasions when flatties are right. Any girl looks better in heels, and baby Louis and Illusion heels (very fashionable now) add so little to your height it doesn't matter.



A word from Debbie...

HERE'S the gen on the slang situation with teenagers in America:

Words of the moment are "vast" and "gross." They say "he's a gross goof" or "What a vastly awful type"; if you're cranky you've got "jungle rot"; "don't pull the switch" in the middle of an argument means you're treading on dangerous ground.

DO YOU KNOW the derivation of table, "napkins"? It comes from the old French "nappe" (tablecloth) and "kin" (little) and means "little tablecloth."

They came into being when high-born ladies and gentlemen ate with their fingers—before the Italians invented forks in the 15th century.

The napkins, delicately embroidered, were passed round by the servants at the beginning and end of the meal so that the aristocrats didn't have to lick their fingers like the common folk.

After forks were introduced, table napkins were retained as a sign of wealth and distinction.

And if you're still interested, the beauty experts say tall girls look best with their hair worn in a long page-boy style or in a big chignon.

"PLEASE tell me the qualifications necessary to become an air hostess, and to whom I apply for such a job? Do any airlines take girls under 21? What is the address of Qantas?"

"Wings," Vic.

No airlines that I know of take girls under 21. In fact, Australian airlines all ask for the same qualifications for hostesses. Here they are: British

subject, aged between 21-27, maximum height 5ft. 6., maximum weight 9 stone. Must have Intermediate Certificate, or its equivalent, and a first-aid or home-nursing certificate. All demand as well good health, appearance, and personality.

Make application to the personnel officer, Mascot, of whichever airline you prefer. Qantas (where all the flying is overseas) has the same qualifications, but a knowledge of a foreign language is an advantage. Their address is Wentworth Terminal, Lang and Jamison Sts., Sydney.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

VERY much in the tradition of Kostelanetz, Mantovani, and all the other purveyors of lush light orchestral music is a newcomer called Werner Muller and His Orchestra. He debuts with the LP named "Holiday in New York" (46007.LPHM), and definitely rates welcoming applause.

I assume this is a German orchestra, but the players sound very much at home with a good selection of typical American music. A slightly foreign tang is discernible here and there, but it seems to add to the presentation.

The disc opens with George M. Cohan's "Give My Regards To Broadway," which has become a sort of show business anthem, then leads into "Penthouse Serenade" and a medley of "45 Minutes

From Broadway" and "The Bowery." Muller seems to achieve his best effects in tunes like "The Bowery," "The Streets of New York," and "The Sidewalks of New York," which have almost earned the status of folk songs. Among the other nostalgic items on the record are "Lullaby of Broadway," "Manhattan," "Rose of Washington Square," and the haunting "Autumn in New York." I feel sure you'll enjoy this tune-ful tour of the city.

Broadway is in the news, musically speaking, for there are two other LPs which centre on The Great White Way. "Lullaby of Broadway" (LKA.4137) features the songs of Al Dubin and Harry Warren, and introduces old favorites like "I Only Have Eyes

For You," "42nd Street," and "You're Getting To Be A Habit With Me." Woolf Phillips' orchestra officiates.

The other is "Strolling Down Broadway" (33OSX-7558), a huge medley of hits from old and new musical comedies, played by Sydney musician Wilbur Kentwell on an organ which is rather alarmingly described as "electronic."

Frank Sinatra has turned out another sensational album, and I think it's just about the best he's done. "This Is Sinatra!" (T.768). Among the 12 hand-picked tunes are the best-sellers "Tender Trap," "Young At Heart," and "Three Coins in the Fountain." Don't miss this.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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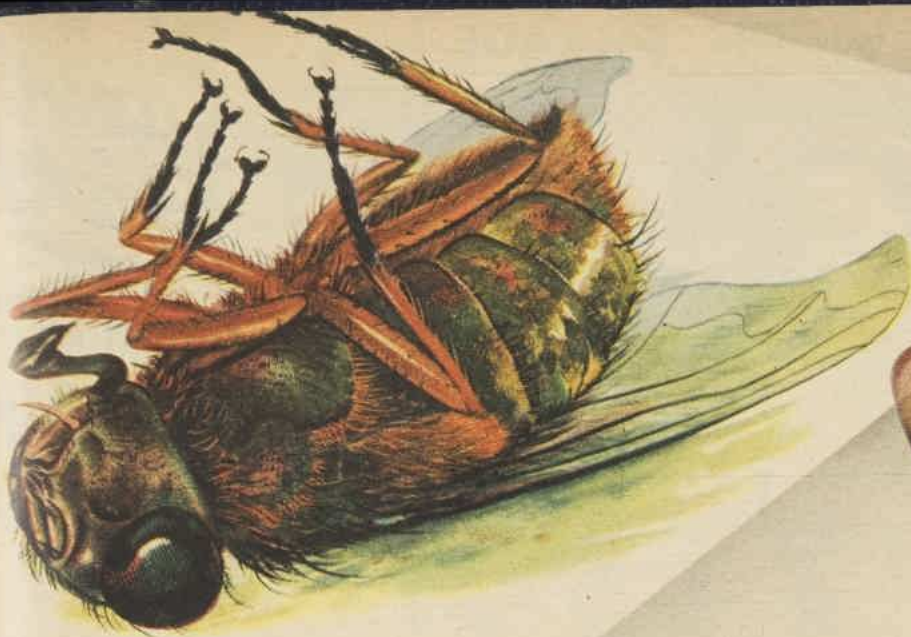
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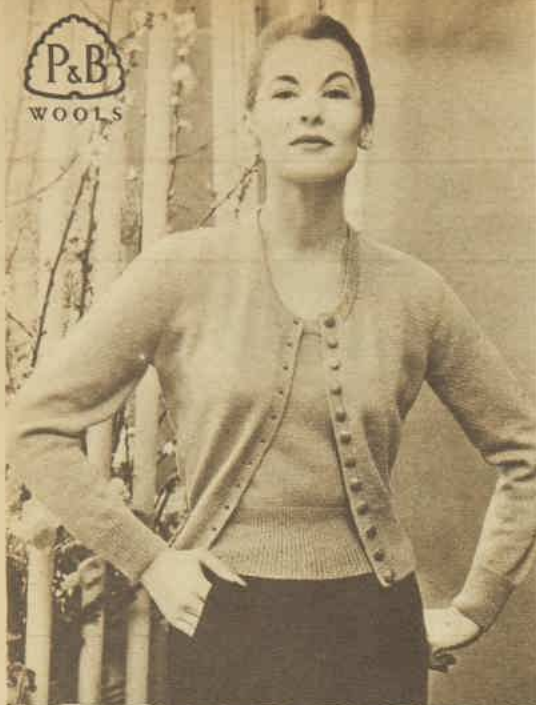
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P&B
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IF IT'S FAULDING'S ... IT'S PURE

TELEVISION PARADE

by R.C. Parker



ACTRESS MARY PARKER and Douglas Fairbanks in a scene from a Fairbanks production at his London studio. This week Mary, well known on Melbourne television, makes her Sydney TV debut and marries Australian portrait painter Paul Fitzgerald.

Four pages of wrath complaining of TV programmes in general and TV news in particular reached me this week from an irritated fan at Point Piper.

HIS main complaint was of "not enough 'vision' in television news."

He said: "For years we were told by the powers-that-be that introduction of TV in Australia had to be delayed so as to gather the necessary know-how and avoid costly mistakes made by countries which pioneered TV."

"It is astonishing that after years of delay we have not done better. As far as I can see, only the televising of Australian sporting events has reached an appreciable standard here."

"It is elementary that in TV news the pictorial part comes first and the voice of the news reader in second place. In our TV news services it's the other way round. The news reader hogs the camera."

"Many readers have handsome and captivating features. But this is not the idea of a TV news service. What we want is to 'see' the news and 'hear' the voice explaining it."

"Some of the readers adopt a most irritating manner, either pontifical or patronising. Some of them dramatise the news to such an extent that you feel they personally created it."

"Evidently they do this at direction, so they can't take the whole blame."

"The people who direct the news services seem to have forgotten that TV news should be fully illustrated, even if only with stills."

"After all, newspaper offices have extensive pictorial libraries. With the help of pictures TV news could be made really visual."

"The reader's voice should be the background. For this readers will have to be trained."

My correspondent then interpolated some criticism of

TV interviews. "The camera swings regularly from interviewer to interviewee and back like a pendulum," he said.

Returning to the news readers, he concluded with some remarks on the reading glasses many of them wear:

"These readers have a habit—or perhaps are supposed to do so—of moving their heads up and down, at one moment looking at their script and the next moment fixing stern eyes on the audience."

"Their continuous head nodding produces reflection flashes from the lenses resembling the blink signals of an Aldis lamp."

AUSTRALIAN Mary Parker will make her Sydney television debut in "The Trap," a half-hour TV drama for telecasting in Sydney on Wednesday, February 27, at 8.30 p.m. on TCN Channel 9.

"The Trap" is a powerful domestic drama with an unusual slant. It was made in London by an English television company, which cast Mary in the lead while she was in London visiting her brother, Lt.-Commander Michael Parker, and gathering experience for her television job.

Mary works for TCN's Melbourne sister station, HSV Channel 7, as a hostess.

"THE Shirt Collar" and "The Goblin and the Grocer"—two classic tales from the great storyteller Hans Andersen—are scheduled for reading by Charles Laughton on Thursday, February 28, at 7.50 p.m. on Channel 2—ABN.

It is a further programme in the series "This is Charles Laughton," in which the actor gives some of his famous readings from the classics and the Bible.

A.B.C. television will cover the metropolitan surf championships at Deewhy on Saturday, March 2, on Channel 2—ABN, beginning at 1.30 p.m. and continuing throughout the afternoon.

The commentator will be Bob Richardson. Producer will be Arthur Wyndham.

SCENES outside the courtroom in 1899 just before the pardon of Captain Albert Dreyfus (wrongfully accused of espionage and who had served five years at Devil's Island) are a feature of one of the films scheduled for Movie Museum on Channel 2—ABN on Thursday, February 28, at 7.15 p.m.

Author Emile Zola, one of the great names who championed Dreyfus' cause, is seen in the film.

A second film, "Comrades," features Mack Sennett as a semi-serious actor in a comedy about two tramps masquerading in high society.

Overseas roundup

IN the last year, according to a B.B.C. survey, England has added 27 additional viewers to every 100 they had a year before ... Finland, Germany, and Italy, all of whom have national television set-ups, have started accepting 10 minutes of advertising at each hour of programming ... Most popular television shows in Tokyo are "I Love Lucy," "Dragnet," and "The Adventures of Roy Rogers" ... Mexico City will be the western hemisphere's counterpart of Eurovision. Eleven European countries now share TV programmes through microwave lengths. R.C.A. engineers in America foresee Mexico City as the key-point of a major "television bridge" that will span America from Alaska to Cape Horn.

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IN THE VESTRY at St. Mark's, Darling Point, Mrs. Geoff Henderson (formerly Archia Osborne) signs the register watched by the groom (second from left), his brother, best man Peter Henderson, and the bride's father, Major-General the Reverend C. A. Osborne, who officiated at the wedding. Geoff is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. S. Henderson, of "Trentham," Goulburn.



EARLY ARRIVALS at the Scots' Old Boys' Union barbecue were David Kellaway and Barbara Still, who arrived carrying lanterns, which were later used to light the path up to the dance floor. More than 300 young people attended the barbecue held at "The Hermitage," Vacluse.



BARBECUING STEAKS at the Scots' Old Boys' Union barbecue are (from left) Pat Hudson, Angela Money, Robin Anderson, and Harold Baker. Informal clothes were worn by the guests—Angela chose black cotton tied with a watermelon-pink cummerbund and Robin wore black slacks and a long-sleeved black-and-white printed shirt.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

CAPTAIN W. H. HARRINGTON, former captain of H.M.A.S. Sydney, will become a Rear-Admiral on March 10, when he succeeds Rear-Admiral H. J. Buchanan as Flag-Officer-in-Charge East Australian Area.

Captain Harrington and his wife (she was formerly Janet Windsor, of Adelaide) and their four children—Sarah (aged ten), Simon (nine), Thomas (five), and Teresa (two and a half)—will leave their home in Toorak, Melbourne, and take up residence at "Tresco," Elizabeth Bay. The retiring Flag-Officer, Rear-Admiral Buchanan, and his wife will leave next week on board Orsova for four months' holiday in England.

And in England they will see their elder son, Sub-Lieut. James Buchanan, R.A.N., for the first time in nearly eighteen months. Their younger son, Robert, will remain in school at Cranbrook.

LADY KEARNS, visiting Australia once again from her home in England, flies to Melbourne next week and will stay there until she joins Himalaya to return home early in April. Lady Kearns tells me that she was so impressed with the clothes shown at a recent Sydney fashion parade that she ordered several dresses and will take them back to England.

FIVE months' honeymoon in England and Europe is ahead of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Maurice, who were married at St. John's Church, Wellington. Mrs. Maurice was formerly Brooke Weston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jock Weston, of "Whitwell," Wellington, where a reception for 200 guests was held after the wedding. When the young couple return to Australia, they will live in a new house built on the Thel Maurices' property, "Gillinghall," Wellington.

NEWLYWEDS . . . Judith and John Bradley, who were married at St. Philip's, Church Hill, are holidaying in the sun at Surfers' Paradise and will return to Goulburn to live. Judith is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Humphry and John is the son of the Tim Bradleys, of Cobarr. Gloria Lavender and Harold Woodley were married at St. Paul's, Wahroonga, and are honeymooning in Queensland. Gloria is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Lavender.



BAYVIEW PARTY. Mr. Roy McCaughey serves supper to Wendy Jackett, who was one of the guests at the "Night Under the Stars" held at Mr. and Mrs. McCaughey's waterfront home at Bayview. More than 250 guests attended the party, which was in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.



BLAKE PRIZE WINNER. Elwyn Lynn and Mrs. Vincent Wardell beside Mr. Lynn's winning entry, "Betrayal." The Blake Prize exhibition of religious art is at Mark Foy's.



"TRESKO" PARTY. The retiring Flag-Officer-in-Charge East Australian Area, Rear-Admiral H. J. Buchanan, and Mrs. Buchanan (right) with Mrs. Norman Jenkyn, who was one of the guests at the farewell party the Buchanans gave at the official naval residence, "Tresco," Elizabeth Bay.

FASHION note . . . princess-style dress of Capri-blue delustrated satin which petite Mrs. David Dickins wears to dinner parties. Closely fitted round her tiny waist, the skirt swings out into pleats above the high-heeled satin pumps of identical blue.

S.O.S. has been sent out by the Red Cross for magazines, which they will distribute in hospitals throughout the State. So if you have any illustrated magazines in good condition send them along to Red Cross House, Jamison Street, Sydney.

Anna

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MARCH is the time to...

PLAN for SHRUBS



Autumn is a favorable season in which to select and plant shrubs to beautify garden and lawn

SHRUBS form the intermediate furnishing of a good garden. They are the great fillers-in, and when well chosen are a long-term investment maturing, as they do, in a very few years and paying dividends early and regularly.

Flowers and trees have a universal appeal, and shrubs are the link between them. But only those who know how greatly shrubs enhance the beauty of any landscape composition can realise also the many useful purposes they serve.

They border properties and gardens with hedges of living green or color; they soften harsh lines of buildings, screen ugly objects, and give a magnificent wealth of bloom and fragrance

from season to season, according to climate, as well as providing birds with shelter and food during the winter. Dependable and hardy, shrubs require little care or attention, other than pruning and shaping at the right time of year, and, once established, stand out as living examples of the gardener's artistic taste. There is a wide range of

shrubs, all admirably suited for beautifying gardens. They range from the dwarf types of evergreen or deciduous habits to medium or tall species.

A comprehensive list of shrubs, giving their height, color, and form, season of bloom and other details, begins overleaf.

Some are grown mainly because of their twig color in winter, and in this category there is no other plant group that can rival them.

Whether the gardener selects native shrubs or introductions is a matter of choice, soil, and climate.

There are many districts where hardy native shrubs will withstand the arid conditions far better than those from better climates. But even in these arid areas many introductions have shown that with just a little more than ordinary

care they will stand up to the heat, drought, and tough conditions imposed by low rainfall.

In the better rainfall districts the gardener has an imposing range of shrub species from which to choose, but it should always be remembered that some shrubs are hardy in exposed positions, some thrive in dry soil and others

in moist. Some respond to cultivation and regular soil enrichment, while others prefer a meagre diet.

Many others like shade and some dislike it. Ericaceous shrubs, such as ericas, azaleas, rhododendrons, kalmias, and others are lime haters, but most of the others are tolerant to lime. Many of the legumes must have it if they are to thrive.

There is an easily satisfied group of shrubs that does not seem to care what the environment may be and even stands up to neglect. These factors, while they may limit the choice of shrubs, also enlarge the possibilities of their use.

When selecting shrubs for any position, the existing conditions have to be studied first. Only those shrubs which will thrive in those conditions should be selected. Some, for instance, are hillbillies and will not thrive in the hot, dry, humid climate along the coast, or if they do may never flower.

Lilacs, for example, rarely flower in N.S.W., except on the highlands or mountains.

Kolkwitzia amabilis is another, and kalmia rarely flowers unless given acid soil and a position that is elevated above the coastline.

English May (Crataegus

oxyacantha) is another shrub that causes disappointment to innumerable gardeners because it will not flower along the coast. It, too, needs a high, cool altitude before it blooms really well.

But there are many others that may be grown instead. The spiraeas, also called May, flower prolifically along the coast, and, although they do not set berries after the blooms have faded, they are bright and flower for a considerable time.

Some conditions cannot be changed or modified except at great expense, but others can be altered and made acceptable to shrubs by adding humus to the soil, attending to faulty drainage, or by careful cultivation and regular irrigation.

At this time of year it is possible to plant shrubs without losses. Autumn and spring are considered to be the most favorable planting seasons. Each has its advantages.

Some experts prefer spring planting because it gives the shrubs increasingly good growing weather in which to establish themselves, but autumn, provided the work is not done too late, is equally good in Australia's mild climate.

SHRUBS, flanked by beds of flowers and backed by graceful trees, play an important part in the composition of this lovely Adelaide garden. They form a link between trees and flowers, and emphasise the beauty of the lawns.

Deciduous shrubs that begin their dormancy period very early may be planted in late autumn, but it is not advised for evergreens, except those hardy species that have good roots and plenty of soil round them when obtained from the nursery.

Cool, cloudy days, with a high degree of humidity and little or no wind, are considered ideal for transplanting or planting out new shrubs.

Dry roots cause the greatest losses, therefore before planting the shrub it pays to soak

the shrub thoroughly in a deep tub, a barrel, or some similar container until all bubbling ceases.

Frequently a new shrub that is in a ball of hard, dry soil will be planted and then watered heavily. Most of the moisture trickles from the ball, runs into the surrounding loose soil and is lost with no benefit whatever to the new plant.

When transplanting from one part of a garden to another, first wet the soil well round the shrub and let it drain. Then dig a trench all round the shrub and lift it out with as much soil attached to the roots as possible.

After-care is important, and tall shrubs should always be

staked and tied up to prevent wind-sway, loosening the hold the plant has on the soil and thus drying it out.

The old saying, "Give a ten shilling shrub a ten shilling hole," is sound advice, and means that the holes dug should be spacious, the right depth, and wide enough to take the roots when spread out or to accommodate the ball of soil supplied in the pot or tin.

Watch for the "high water mark" on all new shrubs and plant no deeper than this mark. It is usually easy to recognise and is a muddy line that shows the depth of soil in which the shrub stood when in the nursery.

Over-deep planting may ring-bark the new shrub and cause its death. Some shrubs are especially susceptible to collar rot and similar troubles, and if planted too deep may develop this rot and die.

Here is a final word of warning about advanced shrubs. It usually pays to buy small ones rather than those that "may save years of waiting while they grow up."

Shrubs that have stood for two to three years in a big pot, tub, or tin are invariably root bound and are rarely as satisfactory as smaller ones that have merely filled a pot with fine roots.

AUTUMN



CAMELLIA SASANQUA blooms in autumn.



PRUNUS NIGRA is noted for its foliage.

Garden Shrubs

Choose

NAME	HEIGHT	POSITION	
<i>Abelia grandiflora</i>	3ft. 6in.	Open sunny	Pale pink
<i>Abutilon</i>	5ft.	Open sunny	Pink, like large
<i>Acalypha</i>	5ft.	Open to semi-shade	Foliage
* <i>Amygdalus persica</i> (Flowering peach)	To 10ft.	Open	White
<i>Arbutus unedo</i> (Strawberry tree)	6ft. to 20ft.	Open to semi-shade	Cream
<i>Ardisia crenulata</i>	2ft. 6in.	Shade	White
<i>Azalea</i>	To 8ft.	Semi-shade	White
<i>Broom</i> (<i>Cytisus, genista & spartium</i>)	To 12ft.	Open	Yellow
<i>Browallia Jamesonii</i>	5ft.	Frost tender	Orange
<i>Brunfelsia</i>	6ft.	Frost tender	Blue
<i>Buddleia</i> (Mock lilac)	To 10ft.	Open	White
<i>Camellia</i>	To 12ft.	Need some protection	White
<i>Cantua dependens</i>	6ft.	Open	Ball-shaped
<i>Ceanothus</i>	To 10ft.	Open	Blue
* <i>Cerasus japonica</i> (Flowering cherries)	To 15ft.	Open	White
<i>Cestrum nocturnum</i>	4ft.	Open	Greenish
* <i>Chimonanthus fragrans</i> (Jap. allspice)	To 6ft.	Open	Yellow
<i>Cassia</i>	To 10ft.	Open	Yellow
<i>Choisya</i> (Mex. orange blossom)	To 6ft.	Open	White
<i>Chorizema</i>	2ft.	Open	Orange
* <i>Cornus</i> (dogwood)	12ft.	Open to semi-shade	White
<i>Cotoneaster</i>	Climbing shrubs	Open	Berry
<i>Cuphea</i> (Cigar plant)	2ft.	Open	Red
* <i>Cydonia</i> (Flowering quince)	4ft.	Open	White
* <i>Deutzia</i> (Wedding bells)	5ft.	Open	White
* <i>Diervilla</i> (Weigela)	To 8ft.	Open	Pink
<i>Daphne</i>	To 4ft.	Open	White
<i>Diosma</i>	To 5ft.	Open	White
<i>Ericas</i> (Heath)	To 4ft.	Open	White
* <i>Frangipani</i>	8ft.	Open to light shade	Cream
* <i>Fuchsia</i>	Tall to dwarf	Shade to very shady	Wide
<i>Gardenia</i>	To 4ft.	Semi-shade	Cream
<i>Goldfussia</i>	2ft.	Shade	Lavender
* <i>Guelder rose</i>	12ft.	Open	Ball-shaped
<i>Gordonia anomala</i>	6ft.	Open to semi-shade	White
<i>Habrothamnus elegans</i>	10ft.	Open	Blue
<i>Hibiscus</i>	6ft.	Open	Pink
* <i>Hydrangea</i>	To 6ft.	Semi-shade	Pink
<i>Hypericum</i>	3ft.	Open	Yellow
<i>Ilex</i> (Holly)	To 12ft.	Needs cool districts	Small
<i>Linga pulcherrima</i>	To 8ft.	Sub-tropical, frost tender	Red
<i>Lochroma tubulosa</i>	8ft.	Sub-tropical, frost tender	Deep

* Deciduous (leaf-losing) shrubs.

WINTER



POINSETTIAS make a wonderful splash of scarlet in a winter landscape.



PYRACANTHA COCCINEA LALANDEI bears beautiful berries.

From this list

COLOR AND FORM	SOIL	SEASON of BLOOM
panicles in masses	Light or heavy	Spring and summer
any, rose, orange, red. Lantern-	Any	Spring to autumn
big, big handsome leaves	Any	Year round
red, massed on stems	Any	Early spring
shaped blooms in trusses	Any	Autumn
red berries in whorls	Acid to neutral	Fruit ripens in winter
pace, red, maroon, in masses	Acid (lime haters)	Winter and spring
shaped, fragrant, some thinly	Sandy or loamy	Spring and summer
massed	Any	Spring and summer
to white. Sparsely flowered	Any	Spring and summer
lilac, in spikes	Any	Spring and summer
red, maroon, bicolors	Acid	April to Oct.
corolla and primrose, sparsely	Any	Sept.-Oct.
bunches	Any	Summer
white in showy panicles	Any	Spring; autumn-colored
singles and doubles in small	Any	foliage
night-scented, massed	Any	Summer
fragrant. Small flowers	Any	Winter
varieties. Massed	Any	Spring to autumn
ant, massed on stems	Any	Spring
red, pea-shaped. Sparsely	Any	Spring
pink bracts	Moist	Spring
masses	Moist	Berries in autumn
small tube-shaped	Any	Summer
pink single blooms	Sandy	Early spring
pink in trusses	Any	Early spring
and red on long stems	Any	Spring
pink, small bunches	Any	Winter, spring.
pink, sparsely flowered	Any	Winter, early spring
red, purple heather, massed	Acid (lime haters)	Winter and spring
pink, usually in pairs	Moist	Summer
of colors, pendant	Moist	Spring to autumn
in pairs	Moist and acid	Summer
small-shaped blooms	Moist and acid	Sept. to November
cream	Rich, moist	Early spring
blooms like camellias	Acid and moist	April to September
branched flowers, red berries	Any well-drained soil	Almost year round
white, singles and doubles	Any good soil	Spring to autumn
blue, in big heads	Moist, fertile	Summer
borne singly	Any	Spring
flowers, shiny red berries	Any	Berries in winter
shaped flowers in masses	Rich, moist	Spring
bell-shaped in clusters	Rich, moist	Summer

Continued overleaf



HYDRANGEA is famed for color.



VERONICA bears flowers in spikes.



SAMBUCUS AUREA, the golden elder.

SPRING



MAGNOLIA SOULANGEANA (above) in full bloom. CORNUS, azaleas, forsythia (far right).



Where to plant them

SOME shrubs will grow best in dry, open places, and others prefer moist and shady positions.

FOR DRY PLACES: Most Australian native shrubs are suitable for hot, dry, low-rain-fall areas.

These shrubs include hakeas, isopogons, dwarf wattles, grevilleas, dwarf gums such as the varieties caesia, torquata, macrocarpa, and forrestiana, prostanthera violacea (mint bush), epacris impressa (dwarf habit), eristemon obovalis, oxylobium and lambertia.

Introductions that withstand drought well include ceanothus americanus and fendleri, cornus baileyi, cytisus scoparius, genista tinctoria and germanica.

FOR SHADY, MOIST PLACES: Shade-lovers need the ground thoroughly prepared for them. Most of them must have acid soil that is moist, as well as adequate protection from heat.

For cool, shady places, for southern areas of Australia, and on the mountains, any of the following will give good results.

Andromeda (various), aucuba japonica, berberis stenophylla, choisya ternata, cornus alba, cotoneaster buxifolia, euonymus radicans, hypericum calycinum, lecythasteria formosa, mahonia aquifolium, olearia haastii, prunus laurocerasus.

NAME	HEIGHT	POSITION	COLOR AND FORM	SOIL	SEASON of BLOOM
* Kerria Japonica	6ft.	Needs protection	Deep orange, double, rose-shaped blooms on slender canes	Moist	Spring
* Kolkwitzia amabilis (Chinese beauty bush)	6ft.	Hardy, does well in open, but blooms only on mountains or in cool districts	Bell-shaped pink blossoms in masses	Well-drained medium loam	Spring
* Lagerstroemia (Crepe Myrtle)	To 10ft.	Open, sunny	Pink, red, white, and mauve in masses	Any	Summer
Lasiandra	To 12ft.	Open	Purple and pink, blooms singly. Attractive	Any good loamy soil	Summer to early winter
Leptospermum	To 6ft.	Open	Pink, white, red, single and double, some sparse, others showy	Sandy loam or well-drained medium	Winter
* Lilac	To 12ft.	Open	Pink, lilac, reddish-purple, single and double in spikes. Highly fragrant	Likes limestone country	Early to late spring
Luculia gratissima	To 10ft.	Needs protection, frost tender	Shell-pink and white in broad heads, very fragrant	Any well-drained site	May-June
Magnolia (many varieties)	To 12ft.	Some hardy, others need protection.	White, cream, claret and pinkish mauve	Acid (lime hater)	Spring
* Maple (Japanese)	To 15ft.	Open	Blooms mostly single	Moist	Spring and autumn
Nerium (Oleander)	To 15ft.	Open	Foliage shrub. Colors well in spring and autumn	Any	Spring to autumn
Osmanthus fragrans	To 25ft.	Open	Pink, red, white, maroon. Leaves and wood poisonous	Any	Spring to autumn
* Philadelphus (Mock orange)	To 8ft.	Open	Tiny white scented flowers and good foliage	Any	Autumn and winter
Photinia glabra rubens	To 12ft.	Open	Snow-white fragrant flowers in small trusses. Some single, also doubles	Any	Spring
Podalyria	To 6ft.	Open	Foliage shrub, good spring and autumn coloring	Any	Spring and autumn
* Poinsettia	To 10ft.	Shady	Silvery leaves, pink, pea-shaped flowers in masses	Any	Spring
Prostanthera (Mint bush)	To 8ft.	Open	Red and cream bracts, single and double. Needs hard pruning annually	Well-drained	Winter
Prunus nigra	To 12ft.	Open, sunny	Fragrant foliage, purple, pink and white flowers in small to large trusses	Any	Spring
Pyracantha	To 12ft.	Open	Pale pink flowers in spring, colorful foliage in autumn	Any	Autumn and spring
Raphiolepis	3ft. to 8ft.	Open. Suitable for seaside	Red and orange berries, thorny bush. Showy	Sandy to medium loam	Berries in winter
Rhododendron (many varieties)	To 12ft.	Shaded position	White flowers in bunches, followed by black berries	Sandy	Flowers in spring. Berries in winter
Rondeletia	To 10ft.	Many are big shrubs, needing much space	White, puce, mauve, red, pink, purple, etc. Flowers in wide heads, mostly cup-shaped	Acid (Lime hater)	Spring
Ruellia	Very dwarf	Open, frost tender	Salmon flowers, good big foliage. Showy	Sandy to medium	Spring
* Sambucus aurea (Golden Elder)	To 12ft.	Shade, frost tender	Purple, bell-shaped spotted blooms.	Well drained moist	Autumn
* Spiraea	To 5ft.	Needs protection	Large flat heads of white, fragrant blooms. Fine golden foliage.	Moist	Spring to summer
Veronica	To 4ft.	Open	White, may-like blooms, single and double	Sandy to medium	Early spring
Viburnum (many varieties)	To 12ft.	Open to semi-shade	Blue, purple, maroon, white flowers in small to long slender spikes	Any	Long season
Westringia	To 8ft.	Open	Mostly cream or white, in trusses and small bunches	Any	Spring
		Open, Hardy in windy places.	Hedge plant, good foliage. One variety—Rosmariniformis, has white and lilac blooms	Any	Summer

*Deciduous (leaf-losing) shrubs

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You'll be amazed that a disinfectant could be so effective and have such a delightful floral fragrance.

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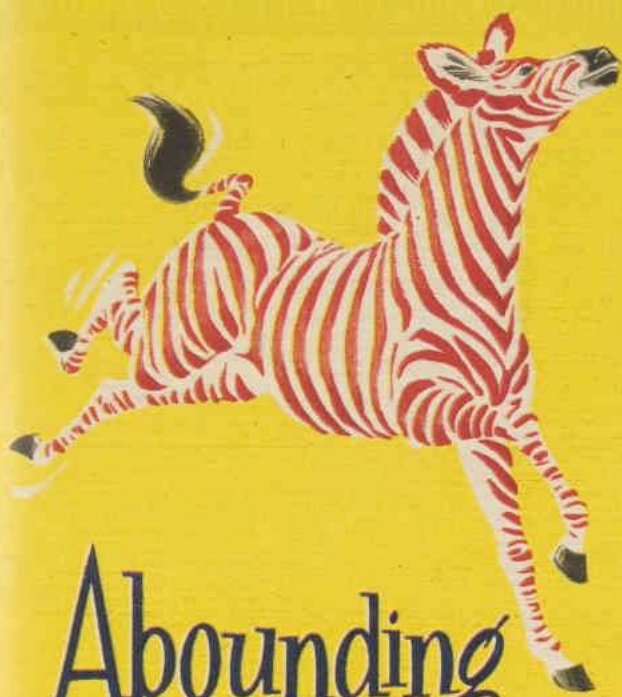
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AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning March 4

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck under luck and key.	★ Money problems, questions about whether to buy and what, expenses crop up unexpectedly, so don't overreach your budget, or gamble on risky sources.	★ Jump out of the rut. The artistic and creative side of home-making is your field for self-expression. Study ideas for new ways of arranging flowers.	★ Does the beloved appear to be nursing a grudge? If your conscience is not quite clear, or if either of you has been two-timing, be frank now.	★ Disappointment in a friend could disillusion you. There is nothing you can do about it except to turn away from one who has failed your high standards.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in being one of a team.	★ You can afford to listen when others come up with useful suggestions, offers, invitations, helpful advice. Any scheme worked out in company is apt to succeed.	★ If a parent of teenagers, you may be asked to advise on social procedure. Remember—customs grow more informal year by year. If in doubt find out for yourself.	★ The dawn of first love is something you will never forget. If you and the beloved are in that happy stage, you can shed happiness all around you.	★ You may feel like taking it easy, leaving others to serve on committees. Perhaps you have been doing more than your share lately.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in your talents.	★ Adjust your ideas to present possibilities. Go into action on the basis of authoritative information and personal observation. Be patient with opposition.	★ Restlessness accomplishes nothing. Try to concentrate on one task this week and carry it through to your satisfaction. Add a novel touch to your table setting.	★ Your quick wits may help the beloved socially. Gemini love affairs are often a compound of intellectual and social awareness, rather than deep feeling.	★ This is a strenuous week for many. You may be giving more of yourself than you really can afford. One danger is that you wish to do everything personally.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in new skills.	★ Pay particular attention to what you read or hear in connection with your job. Contact people with superior knowledge. Learn through the mistakes of others.	★ Gardening is well in the picture. If you live in a flat, study the possibilities of the wonderful new house plants now available. They can work big changes.	★ Good times with the one you love best may introduce you to his or her friends. Make a hit. Keep your voice low and pleasant. Be ready to listen.	★ A present from a distance might make a big difference to your plans. You are likely to take your activities seriously. Don't exaggerate their importance.
LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a windfall.	★ Working schedules may go haywire, with annoyances slowing you up. Talky visitors could throw a spanner in the works. Don't speed up in order to retrieve time.	★ The dramatic touch never comes amiss in a Leo house. See what you can do to lift your place of residence out of the rank so folks will remember it.	★ Trust to the inspiration of spur-of-the-moment plans when going on a date. They may work out better than plans made in advance. All will be well.	★ You gamble that a project dear to your heart and that a number of associates can be made to succeed. The quiet help of a prominent personage may count.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, violet. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a partnership.	★ Family or basic financial problems may be blurred by emotional bias or the prejudices of partners. With scant hope of reaching a decision, postpone that showdown.	★ It seems hard to find time for your pet project, as the family appears to demand more attention than usual. Much of this will be a labor of love.	★ You may need the help of older people in organizing a project with the one you love. This could keep you so busy you'd have little time for romance.	★ Much of this week is filled with a bright ripple of social gaiety, which vanishes like soap bubbles. You may be anxious to get back to your ordinary pursuits.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, light blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in responsibility.	★ Push hard to get personal plans working smoothly. A combination of inspiration, practicality, and chance circumstances could put you in an excellent position.	★ Get down to essentials and deal with them first. Streamline your belongings, give away what you cannot use, and clear the decks before thinking up new tasks.	★ Are you and the beloved bothered by a third party who insists on tagging along with you? Find someone to make up a foursome. Thus you solve the problem.	★ Don't make hard work of it. Many organisations flourish before you joined and will again. Give your services freely, but do not fuss over others' concerns.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in speculation.	★ If you can force yourself to be practical and refuse to day-dream, you can swing open many a closed door. Only you yourself can take the initiative.	★ Many of you roll back the rugs and dance. If there are young people in the household and the neighbors do not object. All simple home entertaining is tops.	★ The course of true love seems to glide along with few obstacles, general approval and a host of good wishes. The stars beam on lovers who set the wedding date.	★ Because you will be in demand, paint the best picture you can of yourself. Watch your comings and goings, do not fidget with gloves or bag, strive for serenity.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck on your doorstep.	★ Stick in the groove just now. Find a constructive outlet for your energies by choosing a modest target. Finish off any tasks before starting a new venture.	★ Making bricks without straw isn't easy, but we all attempt to do it at times. If determined to assault a domestic problem unaided, proceed cautiously.	★ Quite a few of you have reached a new stage in your love affair. If there has been a disagreement, probably over trifles, celebrate the renewal of love with a special date.	★ If you want to try out home hospitality prepare the day before, making notes of last-minute touches. Supper should not be elaborate.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in the letter-box.	★ Those who have recently cast bread upon the waters may be surprised to find it returning as cake. Fair weather friends may also appear in their true light.	★ If you are feeling sorry for yourself, folks may find excuses to get away from your complaining. Forget your burdens and become interested in things.	★ Over textbooks and over the coffee cups, you and the beloved will be learning that true love demands sacrifices.	★ The short journey, the hasty trip to town, are favorably aspected occasions. Don't let yourself in for a stunt just out of mere politeness.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, white. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in making terms.	★ Snap judgments may be regretted. Financial disappointment through misrepresentation could be particularly unfortunate. Do not attempt to bluff out mistakes.	★ You are strong on planning, but inclined to grow impatient over details. This hurry to be done with a project often spoils an outstanding success.	★ You may have to invent rapid excuses to see the one you love. Don't hang around when there is work to do. Personal matters belong to your leisure.	★ You may bring criticism on your head. Since others may not understand your reasons, explanations might only add complications. Go your own way.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in taking command.	★ Stand on your rights and gain what you have earned. Be systematic with money, know exactly where you stand, and do not deny yourself legitimate needs.	★ Your home has a greater influence on your thinking and habits than you imagine. Set down what you like and don't like about it, then spring into action.	★ Don't worry if you fail to hear from him. He'll be thinking of you. If that telephone rings, don't answer breathlessly. Allow him to issue his invitation with poise.	★ That new activity could rob you of your leisure, but it will be an increasing source of happiness. Neglect other considerations for the moment. Get rest.

New lotion actually heals chapping... keeps hands softer and younger...

Angel Skin
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Does more than smooth—it heals detergent chapping. Angel Skin is the only lotion that counteracts the harsh alkali effects of detergents and soaps. Redness fades, chapping disappears.

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Angel Skin also comes in hand cream form—only 4/9 in the 2-oz. jar.

Angel Skin actually heals chapped skin because it relieves the causes of roughness, chapped redness and dryness! Angel Skin is more than a gentle, soothing lotion—it helps ward off skin disorders. Leaves hands genuinely softer, smoother, whiter, because it goes deep—spreads its protective qualities below the mere surface of your skin. Improves the texture of your skin.

So different from the ordinary "cosmetic" lotion, Angel Skin promotes natural skin health, keeps skin looking younger—

- Sensitive, exposure-reddened hands become genuinely softer and whiter.
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- Sandpapery legs and heels smooth out so they can't snag nylons.

2-oz. bottle 3/9 . . . 4-oz. bottle 6/3. Get Angel Skin from your favourite beauty bar today.



Rilla. "And, of course," he added, "only those actually living in North Africa. I crossed the others off last week. I swear it."

"O.K.," said Harrison dryly. He looked down at Rilla. "This is what you do. Subcontractor's book—" he held it up—"check it against the payments. Then you check the payments against the worksheets. Right?"

"Right," said Rilla. "And on Thursdays you type the progress report for London. I leave the accounts side blank, you fill it in. Right?"

"Right," said Rilla again. "And we don't stop for lunch. Ali brings us down a salad. And Mr. Oubadiach answers the phone because hardly anyone around here understands English. Now come outside again."

Rilla followed him into the sun. He stood looking down at her for a moment with his eyes screwed up against the glare. Rilla could see that his hair was streaked with sweat and that his forearms were caked with fine sand. He was looking awfully tough.

"Here's the key of the safe. Lock everything up when you finish. And if there's anything you don't know, ask me and not Mr. Oubadiach." He lifted his fingers suddenly and tipped the brim of her hat. "And wear that whenever you step outside. That's an order."

He grinned cheekily at her and strode off towards the boats.

For the next week she hardly saw him. Harrison ate his breakfast off the shelf in the bathroom while he shaved, and his lunch out on the lighters with the men. He came in late at night, bathed, and went to bed. He had just been into the office one morning with the progress report when the telephone rang.

Mr. Oubadiach looked across at Rilla with surprise. "For you, Miss Edwards."

"For me?"

"It is Captain La Salle."

"Oh." She took the receiver. "Hello?" Mr. Oubadiach sat down beside her, benignly attentive. "But how did you know where I was?" she asked.

"I ascertained your forwarding address from the Post Office, mademoiselle. There is a tea dancant at the Metro Hotel this evening. I shall call for you at six?"

"I—I'm not certain. I..."

"You will enjoy it," said Captain La Salle firmly.

"Very well," said Rilla. She hung up.

Mr. Oubadiach watched her with bright eyes. "You would like Captain La Salle put on the payroll? It can be arranged?"

"No," said Rilla. "Nor anybody else," she added.

Mr. Oubadiach returned sadly to his accounts.

When Rilla returned to the villa in the evening she was surprised to see Harrison already sprawled in a deck-chair on the verandah. The table beside him was laid with cups. "Join me," he said.

Rilla looked at the thick Turkish coffee and shuddered. "No, thanks."

"O.K." He gave himself a leisurely flick with his fly-whisk. "I've been thinking about your recreation. I'm not a social man myself, but if you want Ali to drive you anywhere, just say so."

"Thank you, Mr. Harrison."

"There's a trip round the inland villages that's supposed to be quite amusing."

"Actually," said Rilla quickly, "I'm going out tonight."

Harrison was filling his pipe. "Yep, I know," he said, without looking up. "I wouldn't keep it if I were you. Captain La Salle is definitely not a gentleman."

Rilla felt a little prick of anger as she realised that both Ali and Mr. Oubadiach told him

Continuing . . .

everything. "So I'm being spied on."

"Oh no. It's just that we talk about each other all the time. There's nothing else to do."

"And you rushed back from work to warn me. How nice." Rilla ran up the steps. "Shall I tell you something?"

"I probably know it already."

"Not this. I don't intend to be ordered about in my free time. You can sit at home and gossip with the servants if you like, but don't ask me to."

"It's quite interesting sometimes." He grinned up at her impatiently.

Rilla's hands hurt with clenching. "Your trouble is," she said quickly, "that you've been away from civilisation too long. You've forgotten how to behave, if you ever knew. And I certainly don't intend to spend my evenings cooped up with a boot." She walked inside.

When she turned up the lamp in her room she saw that Ali had laid out her ballet-length frock on the bed. She slipped into it. While she was zipping it up she heard Harrison get up and go into the sitting-room. After a moment he called, "Put some citronella behind your ears, it'll keep the mosquitoes away. It's no protection against La Salle, though."

Rilla heard a car lurch into the compound and accelerate up to the door. She picked up her coat and ran outside.

Rilla's eyes swept the cafe to which Phillip La Salle had brought her. "I don't really care for it," she said, and was annoyed to find that there was a flutter in her voice. The Metro Hotel was an hour behind them on the other side of the town.

La Salle raised his eyebrows. His hand remained possessively on her elbow. "Life in the native quarter. What could be more interesting?" He continued to guide her towards a table.

A native waited by the chairs with a rack of wine bottles round his neck. La Salle took two and paid for them. Rilla set her teeth. She realised that she was in a place where no nice English girl ought to be. It was extremely unpleasant, but it was even more humiliating to know that Harrison had been right. She realised that she had not the slightest idea in which direction the camp lay, and even if she had there was no way of getting there.

La Salle was talking to a drunken sailor who sat at the next table, with a native girl. His feverish eyes swept over Rilla, and he spoke thickly in French to La Salle, who laughed. An accordion in the corner had started to play "Avalon." Rilla looked wildly about her. She stood up suddenly. "Excuse me," she said, and ran.

She had reached the head of the steps before La Salle shouted after her. She ran on past a native porter and along the pavement to his car. She wrenched desperately at the door. It was locked. As she looked over her shoulder she saw the battered jeep.

"Hi," said Harrison, lazily. Rilla almost sobbed with relief. She fled into the road and clambered in beside him.

"Thank God," she said. She looked at him. "How did you know where I was?"

Harrison struck a match and dipped it to his pipe. "La Salle always brings his women here."

"Oh!" Rilla gasped, and put a hand to her mouth.

"As I told you," Harrison kicked the starter without looking down, "he's definitely not a gentleman."

Rilla sat silently with her hands in her lap while the car roared up the hill. Below in the harbor the lights from the

ships dappled the darkened water. A moon hung above the desert like a brass gong. Harrison was singing "The Last Rose of Summer" and Rilla felt that, in some obscure way, it intended an insult towards her. When they left the jeep she stood facing him.

"I want you to know I'm grateful," she said primly. "And I realise now that you were quite right to warn me."

Harrison looked down at her with his hands on his hips. "Shall I tell you something, Miss Edwards?"

"Yes?" said Rilla. "Shall I tell you that my actions were not motivated by any personal regard for your safety, but purely because I could not afford to have this contract slowed up by the office staff making a fool of itself. Would that make you feel any better?"

"Yes," said Rilla. She nodded vigorously. "Yes, it would."

"Well, it's not true," said Harrison flatly.

"Oh?" She stared up at him, her face as pale as a magnolia in the moonlight. She was aware that he was standing as tensely as an animal, and she swallowed nervously.

Suddenly his arms shot out and grabbed her shoulders so

To ask advice is in nine cases out of ten to tout for flattery.

—Churton Collins

that she squeaked involuntarily. Then he seemed to lift her straight up. For a moment she sniffed a mixture of petrol and carbolic soap and then his lips were firm against her own. She clung to him instinctively, and then, as suddenly again, she was dropped back on her feet.

Harrison spun her about. "That'll make up for what you missed with the captain." His hand pushed her shoulder lightly. "Go to bed."

Rilla ran across the compound and into the house. Without turning on the light, she stripped off her dress and fumbled her way under the mosquito-net. Then she lay wide-eyed in the darkness.

She heard Harrison walk down the passage past her door. In the bathroom he hummed "The Last Rose of Summer" erratically while he cleaned his teeth. He came out of the bathroom and the door of his bedroom slammed. Through it Rilla heard the muffled thuds as he kicked off his espadrilles and the sudden protest of the bed as he rolled into it. The beating of her heart subsided, and she was aware of the song of cicadas in the garden and the scent of an oleander bush stealing into the room.

After a long time she slept.

Rilla, sitting in the breakfast room, heard him come down the passage. He sat down opposite her with his chin in his hands. Rilla looked up once into his face and then away.

"Rilla," he said, using her christian name for the first time, "I hope you're not going to let a little thing like a kiss bother you."

She looked down at her plate. "It's not bothering me."

"Good. This contract's important." Harrison looked sideways and saw Ali backing into the room on his knees. He had a paintbrush and pot in one hand. "What are you doing, Ali?"

Ali looked over his shoulder, grinning. "Misee say make white line through house. She say..."

Rilla, trying to sip her coffee unconcernedly, said, "It's a new

rule, Mr. Harrison." She pointed vaguely to both sides of the room. "Your half... my half. Then we won't get in each other's way. The bathroom's neutral," she went on, speaking very quickly, "and belongs to the one in possession. That way we..."

Harrison stood up and kicked his chair over. "Listen—" He came round the table.

"The line!" said Rilla anxiously.

"The devil with the line! I don't agree. You're here to run the office, not to organise me."

"I'm afraid I—I insist."

"Are you afraid of me?"

"That's not the point."

"It is the point. Just because you've been kissed for once you want to start running up barbed wire all round the place. Ever since you came here you've been mincing about like a Sunday-school teacher, running me down to the servants, telling Ali I'm not a gentleman. And then you run off with a rotter like La Salle."

"I admit I made a—a mistake about Captain La Salle."

"Shut up!"

"Yes," said Rilla weakly.

"Now I'll tell you something."

"I'm quite prepared to be reasonable." Rilla tried to say it with bright understanding.

"You don't have to be anything. If you can't trust yourself without drawing lines everywhere, then this isn't the place for you. You're going back to your room, then you're going to pack your fancy bags, then you're going out of here on the midday plane."

"I absolutely refuse."

"You have no choice. I'm the boss here. You go!"

"You have no right to send me."

"I have no right?"

"Will you stop shouting!"

"I'll shout as much as I like in my own house."

"Not this side of the line."

Harrison took two strides across the line. "Boo!" he said.

"Nobody draws lines round me." He strode towards her.

"The line," warned Rilla, retreating down the passage.

"To hell with the line!"

Rilla turned and darted into her bedroom. Harrison kicked the door of it. "Now start packing!"

"I shan't," called Rilla. "And please go away."

"If you won't pack yourself," said Harrison, "I'll pack for you." He lifted his foot and crashed it against the lock.

"Stop!" yelled Rilla.

Harrison stood back two paces. "Will you pack, then?"

"Certainly not!"

He hurled himself forward, shoulder foremost. There was a splintering crash and the door leaned crazily inwards. Rilla stood by the dressing-table with a hairbrush raised. Her nostrils were flared. "Get out!" she said, and threw it.

Harrison ducked it and came on. Mirrors, combs, and cosmetic jars flew towards him in an angry stream. Harrison continued walking through them. Finally a box of powder burst weakly on his chest. By the time the grains had settled he was beside her, pinning her arms to the wall. "You great baboon!" she said.

Harrison held her easily while she fought herself to exhaustion. Finally she collapsed against him, sobbing with helpless rage. "Hell-cat," he said, and pushed her chin back.

"Don't," said Rilla between her clenched teeth.

"You said I wasn't a gentleman," Harrison kissed her.

Rilla, struggling, felt the iron of his muscles through his thin shirt. "Let-me-go!"

Harrison let her go.

Blondes Prefer Gentlemen

from page 9

behind his neck and her hair across his shoulder, said, "Harrison, I insist you marry me right away. Today. I don't want any nonsense with you."

"O.K."

"Now. This minute," said Rilla firmly.

Harrison put her down and kissed her nose. "O.K.," he said again. "I'll go and get the jeep and we'll see about it."

While he was going down the passage, Ali grinned at him. "I told you, Mr. Harrison. I told you she was crazy about you."

"Shut up," said Harrison, and cuffed his head.

A minute later Rilla heard the jeep roar up to the door. She picked a powder-puff off the floor and dabbed hurriedly at her nose. The next moment she was running down the passage. Ali said, "I told you good idea, this line, Miss Edwards. I told you it make Mr. Harrison plenty mad."

"Be quiet," said Rilla furiously. She ran on out into the sunlight.

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Winner will be announced on "Leave it to the Girls", 16th April 1957. Intermediate prize winners of £5 grocery vouchers will be notified by mail.

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Continuing . . . Someone for Jenny

from page 3

Tony was twelve he and his parents had gone abroad to live. Anne hadn't minded very much, but Jenny had wept for Tony and the little post office that no one bothered about any more.

She put down her book and yawned sleepily; an hour in the tree could make her forget her despair that Anne was such a pretty butterfly, and she, plain little Jenny Abbott, was the only ordinary person in an extraordinary family.

"Hi, there! Anyone about?" She heard the creak of the gate and the voice simultaneously; her startled face, framed in green, stared down at a tall, sandy-haired young man whose eyes were looking straight into hers.

"Jenny?" he asked. "Or Anne?" She pulled the branches aside.

"Jenny," she told him. "You must be a stranger not to know that!"

"Jenny," he said gently, "don't you remember me? Of course, I know it's all of 12 years, but surely you haven't forgotten our post office?"

"Tony Farran!" she said blankly. "Well! I was just thinking about you and the post office!" She broke off, confused, and scrambled down from the tree.

When she stood in front of Tony Farran he was head and shoulders above her, and very, very good-looking.

"I wouldn't have known you," she admitted.

"Well, of course, I have improved a lot," he said solemnly, a spark of mischief in his eyes. "My hair's tidy and there's no band on my teeth. You're just the same as I remember you, Jenny."

"And yet you thought I could be Anne," she said.

"I could only see your face. Anne's eyes are blue, aren't they? And her hair's lighter than yours."

"Gold," Jenny said brusquely, "instead of rich mouse. How long are you here for?"

"Three months' holiday. I had a yen to see the old place, so I booked a room in the village."

"The family will be pleased to see you again."

"Are you?" he asked quizzically.

"Well, naturally, that includes me!" she said.

Her heart bumped crazily, because of the way he had smiled at her. Now don't be absurd, she told herself scornfully, he's just being polite. And, anyway, wait until he meets Anne!

The Abbotts, who seldom issued formal invitations, were used to entertaining all kinds of people at odd hours. Mr. Abbott swept his typewriter aside with a flourish, and exclaimed delightedly over Tony; Mrs. Abbott bundled her paints hastily into the dresser drawer, and whispered a frantic aside to Jenny.

"There isn't a thing in the house for tea! It's just bread and butter and paste. We can't — I mean, Tony back after 12 years in South Africa!" She paused, and eyed her younger daughter speculatively. "There's a carton of cream and some strawberry jam in the cupboard. If you could whip up some scones, and some of those wonderful sponge drops of yours —"

"O.K.," Jenny said briefly, reaching for the mixing-bowl. "I'll fetch Anne down to talk to him," Mrs. Abbott said vaguely.

When Jenny took in the tea-tray Anne was sitting, little-girl fashion, on the pouffe.

She looked across at Jenny with dancing eyes.

"What a surprise, seeing Tony again—I couldn't believe it. Weren't you thrilled, Jen?"

"Of course." Her voice sounded stiff: usually Anne's

easy extravagances of speech never bothered her; now, with Tony's eyes on her, she felt acutely embarrassed.

"Where on earth have you been hiding?" Tony demanded.

"She's been an angel and made cakes for tea, haven't you, darling?" Mrs. Abbott said.

Anne laughed.

"Our Jenny loves cooking," she said. "She's a real home-bird, Tony. She doesn't give a hoot for the bright lights and the boy-friends."

They make me sound dull and stodgy, Jenny thought, panic-stricken. She whisked back into the kitchen, and hunted for the tea-cloth, with trembling hands. When she came back again Anne was on the telephone, her soft voice echoing clearly from the hall.

"Oh, Bill, I'm so disappointed! I'd looked forward all the week to it; yes, of course, I do understand that you can't get back in time."

She came back looking woebegone.

"Isn't that the limit? Bill can't get back in time for the dance this evening." Her gold-tipped lashes fluttered at Tony. "I'd so looked forward to it."

She sighed, still looking at Tony. There was the briefest pause before he said:

"Couldn't we find another man and make up a foursome? You and Jenny and I and someone else?"

"Oh, I don't want to go!" Jenny said quickly. "I've a heap of things to do."

Anne shrugged prettily.

"That leaves you and me, Tony!" she said.

"Fine!" he said gaily. "What time?"

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4685W, G.P.O., Sydney.

When they had gone—Anne beautiful in a swirling periwinkle-blue dress—Jenny went back to the tree for her book. She climbed up and sat there, while the sun went down and the birds chirruped sleepily; and she told herself that she was all kinds of a fool not to have gone with them. But she remembered the way Anne had looked up at Tony, the warmth of his smile—and wondered why on earth she should mind the inevitable this time.

Tony came to lunch the following day, at Mrs. Abbott's invitation; afterwards, they sat lazily in the garden.

"Who lives next door now?" Tony asked.

"The Corders," Anne whispered. "They're rather dull and proper; Mister and Missus and a poodle called Sam."

"And no one plays Post Office any more?"

Anne laughed, her long glance provocative.

"Wasn't it fun? Jenny made up such a romantic little story about it, ages and ages ago, when she was going to be an author. All about a boy and girl who lived next door to each other, and used to leave their love letters there; and they came back years later, and found the letters still there, tied up in a bundle."

Jenny gave a quick glance at Tony and saw what she took to be amusement in his eyes, and the warm color ran under her cheeks.

"I'll bet you used to sit up there for hours," he said softly, "with an exercise book and a

stamp of pencil, writing stories."

She nodded non-committally, and Anne yawned, as though bored with the subject, and said:

"Let's go down to the bay and swim. You can borrow father's swimming-trunks, Tony, and we'll take the car."

It was on the tip of Jenny's tongue to refuse; but that would, she felt, be ungracious after last night. She went slowly indoors, and found her swimsuit and a pair of shorts for Tony. Anne came into her room as she was rolling them up.

"Oh, Jenny! Isn't he marvellous! I don't care if Bill never takes me dancing again. I've never met anyone quite like Tony—to think he used to be that freckled little horror! . . . I think I'm in love with him!"

And that, my girl, is that, Jenny told herself grimly. You might have known. It's never mattered before, has it, who Anne fell in love with? But this is different; because you're in love with him, too. Twenty-four hours ago you hadn't seen him, and now, suddenly, because he's here, everything is changed.

Only it's no use for you to cherish dreams about Tony, Anne wants him. Anne, pretty and popular and charming, who has never had to make the slightest effort to attract any man she wanted.

It wasn't easy to avoid Tony during the coming days; he came on Monday evening to take them both out, but Jenny shook her head, avoiding his glance, acutely aware of the restless little ache inside, because of his nearness.

"Sorry, Tony! Promised Daddy I'd finish typing this chapter for him!"

"Don't you ever take time off to enjoy yourself?" he asked.

"Sometimes," she retorted lightly.

I wish he wouldn't be so kind, she thought; including me in his invitation, because he feels sorry for me.

On Tuesday evening she cycled into the cinema at Oakleigh to see a very dull film. Sitting in the darkness of the cinema was better, she felt, than sitting at a candle-lit supper-table at home, seeing the radiance in Anne's face, hearing the teasing gaiety of Tony's voice.

Tony had gone when she arrived home. As she went upstairs, she saw that the door of Anne's room was open.

"Jenny!" she called softly. "We had such a perfect evening. After supper we borrowed the car and drove out to that new roadhouse. Tony's never been there. Oh, Jen, he dances divinely!"

She stretched her arms above her head, her face dreamy.

"What about Bill?" Jenny asked.

"Bill? Oh yes! Ah, but that was before I met Tony." Anne cupped her chin in her hands. "I wonder how I'd like to live in South Africa?"

"Has Tony asked you to marry him?" Jenny asked quietly.

"Not yet!" Anne said softly.

On Thursday Jenny couldn't escape him; she was weeding the rose-bed when he came.

"Anne's indoors," she said. "Shall I—?"

He put out a detaining hand.

"Always running away from me, aren't you, Jenny?" he said gently. "I came along to invite you both to the midsummer dance at the Royal on Saturday night. And, this time, I'm not taking any excuses from you. We'll find

To page 44



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**NEW
GIANT
ECONOMY
SIZE**

Continuing . . . Someone for Jenny

[from page 42]

another man and make a four-some of it."

Another man, she thought bitterly, when he had gone in. Where from? Doesn't he know that I haven't a string of boy-friends?

It was Anne who solved the problem for her. When Tony had gone she came out into the garden.

"Darling, I've fixed everything up for Saturday," she said airily. "I've got hold of Oliver Cummings for you to make up a foursome."

"Oliver Cummings?" Jenny echoed blankly.

"Yes—you remember him; he took you to a couple of concerts last winter."

"Anne, how could you?" Jenny said.

"Don't be silly; he didn't mind—in fact, he sounded quite pleased."

He would, if Anne was on the other end of the telephone, Jenny reflected grimly. She remembered him as an extremely serious young man, with a round, solemn face, horn-rimmed glasses, and shiny black hair.

"I don't know that I want to come, anyway," she retorted.

"I told Tony you didn't care for dancing," Anne said. "But he was most insistent that you should go out and have some fun. He's got a sort of Cinderella-complex about you—thinks we should take you out and give you a good time. I said he needn't feel so sorry for you—that you really liked messing about at home, doing the gardening and cooking and Daddy's typing. Anyway, I said we'd find a man for you and take you along."

So he's sorry for me, Jenny thought bitterly; sorry for the family's plain Jane, trying to see that she has a good time! All right—we'll see about that!

The following morning she drove herself into Middlehampton and found a hair-dresser, who smoothed her hair into soft waves and sculptured little curls, tipping the ends with gold.

The result was so startling that she felt faintly uneasy. She

bought herself a vivid flame-colored dress with a strapless bodice and layers of filmy nylon skirt. Finally, she bought a lipstick to match the dress and a pair of flimsy sandals.

She smuggled her purchases home, and hid them in the bedroom; the family's eyebrows went up at the sight of the new hair-do, but that was all.

She was fully dressed on the night of the dance before Anne saw her. She stood looking at herself in the mirror, thinking: I'll never be pretty, but at least I don't look dull and insignificant.

Anne came to the bedroom, lovely in pink; she halted abruptly in the doorway.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh! Well, you might have said something! Isn't that color rather too bright for you? Red isn't really slimming, is it?"

Tony was waiting in the hall when they went down. His eyes widened, travelling over Jenny from top to toe, but before he could say a word Anne cried:

"Isn't she stunning, Tony? Oliver's going to be thrilled!"

"This isn't for Oliver's benefit," Jenny retorted.

Anne smiled meaningfully at Tony.

"We don't believe her, do we?" she said. "Not when she never goes dancing, and then appears in a gorgeous dress because Oliver's going to be there."

When Tony danced with Jenny he held her gently, and said, with faint bewilderment:

"You look different. Like a sparrow suddenly turned into a humming-bird."

"Sparrows are mousy-looking," she said lightly.

"I know. I like them that way." His face was unreadable.

But in spite of the dress and the new hair-do, the dance was not a success. Jenny saw Anne dancing with Tony, her shining golden head close to his shoulder, her eyes closed, and Jenny's heart felt like a huge lump of lead.

"I've got a headache," she pleaded. "Let's go, Oliver."

He was quite relieved; he had only come because Anne had been so very persuasive.

Once home, Jenny pulled off her red dress and kicked off her sandals.

She scrubbed her face clean of make-up, put on a pair of shorts and a shirt, combed out the sculptured curls, and went downstairs very quietly and out into the garden.

The summer night was warm and still, and there was no breath of wind as Jenny climbed into the leafy darkness of her tree.

The rough bark against her back was very comforting; the still, silvery night was lovely and peaceful as she sat and sorted out her tangled thoughts.

It wasn't any use; a new dress and a pair of twinkling sandals might work a temporary miracle, but the girl inside those clothes was still Jenny, the sparrow. Jenny Abbott, who liked sitting in a tree better than dancing, who loved books and gardens and solitude, and didn't know how to make sparkling conversation.

She didn't pay much attention to the footsteps marching briskly down the road some time later; not until they stopped at the garden gate, and she heard the familiar creak as it swung back.

Her startled face looked down through the leaves and, just as she had done a week ago, she found herself looking down into Tony's upturned face.

"I knew I'd find you here!" he said triumphantly.

"Tony! Where's Anne?" she gasped.

"Dancing with someone called Bill," Tony said casually. "He arrived late, and she seemed quite pleased to see him. Anyway, he's bringing her home. Look out—I'm coming up!"

He scrambled up nimbly beside her; there was barely room for both of them in the fork, and her shoulder was close to his.

"Still hiding from me?" he asked. "Little Jenny, sitting in an old tree, dreaming about the days when we used to play Post Office. Darling, you've spent a week running away from me."

"I thought you wanted to be with Anne," she whispered.

One of his hands closed tightly over hers. She let it stay there, hardly daring to breathe.

"Anne practically asked me to take her dancing last Saturday. What else could I do? Anne decided we should all go swimming last Sunday. Anne suggested we should sample the new roadhouse, and she arranged for Oliver Cummings to come along tonight, didn't she? A bit managing, that pretty little sister of yours, Jenny. One day she'll marry a nice, masterful young man like Bill—and she'll love it!"

"Anne's a humming-bird," Jenny said sadly. "I'll never be one."

"You certainly won't, not if I have anything to do with it," Tony agreed calmly. "I'm partial to sparrows; to people who have green fingers and cook divinely and like sitting in an old tree with a book on a summer afternoon. Jenny, I love you!"

"I didn't know!" she said.

"You don't know anything, do you, sweetheart?" Tony asked, with tender exasperation. "Listen—in less than a year I shall be home from South Africa for good. We're going to have a house in the country, and a big tree in the garden for you to sit in."

"Will it be a pillar-box tree?" she asked gravely.

He nodded.

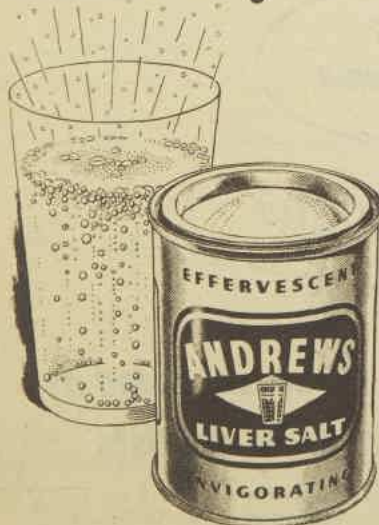
"If there's no pillar-box we'll make one, just for our letters," he said. He cupped her face in his hands. "How does that sound?"

"Wonderful!" she whispered. An imp of mischief sparkled in her eyes. "Make sure it's a big tree, Tony—so that two people can sit there comfortably!"

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DEBBIE'S BUNDLE OF JOY

● Popular young Hollywood actress Debbie Reynolds, wife of singer Eddie Fisher, gave birth to a daughter, Carrie Frances, on October 21, 1956, in Burbank Hospital.

These are the first color pictures of Miss Carrie Frances Fisher, taken at the age of two-and-a-bit months, in her parents' home in Beverly Hills.

Debbie and Eddie, incidentally, are starring in their first musical together. It is entitled "Bundle of Joy" (R.K.O.).



ABOVE: Young Miss Fisher looks a bit worried about it all, hugging her mother's shoulder as the camera clicks. The family group at the left was photographed in the baby's nursery.



RIGHT: Debbie and Eddie Fisher simply ooze pride as they gaze at Carrie Frances, their husky offspring. She is their first child.

"Miss Photography" takes a bath



"Miss Photography" takes a bath. Lovely Lorraine Pritchard, recently voted "Miss Photography", says: "Dettol has been in our home as long as I can remember. It's an old friend of mine—especially for my bath. Dettol is so refreshing that way." Yes, Dettol is very refreshing in the bath, and of course, pleasant, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.



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Lollo jubilant about her July bambino

● Italy's adored Gina Lollobrigida is temporarily withdrawing from the race for top world stardom with her close film rivals in order to prepare for her baby. Plans for her next three pictures have been scrapped. The child—a girl, Gina hopes—is expected in July. Gina says that shortly after this brief retirement she will concentrate on getting her figure back and re-enter the film fray again.

By

BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff



THE news that the famed Lollobrigida is expecting a baby in July broke in Europe with the awesome thunder that usually attends a royal confinement.

In her native Italy it pushed all the other news of a world in crisis off the front pages. Stock exchanges still transacted business, but the fortunes made and lost while its members stopped to talk about Lollo will never be counted.

As for the film world, at least four major producers fell back in their chairs, groped for their dyspepsia pills, and gasped that they were ruined.

Everybody is talking about it. Most of all, the pallid but serene Lollobrigida. Now that she has broken her silence, try to stop her.

Says she, widening those great big eyes and spreading her hands, mystified,

"Anyone would think Queen Elizabeth had abdicated!"

She and her husband, Dr. Milko Skofic, decided finally to confirm the rumors which had spread from a New York source all over the world. For days the telephone in their magnificent villa on the Appian Way near Rome had been ringing constantly with inquiries from all over the globe.

To put an end to it, she and Milko sent out a call to fifty international journalists in Rome to come for cocktails. When they were all assembled in the salon, Gina came down the great stairway in a red silk cocktail gown and entered in a sudden, heavy silence.

This lasted uncomfortably long while everybody fidgeted. At last she could bear it no longer and blurted out, "I'm going to have a baby!"

There followed a terrible stampede for the telephones, of which there are six in the Lollobrigida-Skofic household.

Unfortunately there were only two lines in the salon, so that journalists who fought over the bodies of their comrades to reach the phones picked them up only to find

ITALY'S LA LOLLO puts on a come-hither look. Gina says she wants to be a serious actress and is working hard towards that end. However, she is smart enough to realise that she is no Bernhardt. She maintains a luxury star wardrobe.



ABOVE: Mother-to-be Gina Lollobrigida looks over some of the tiny garments she is collecting. Gina would like a daughter.

LEFT: Dr. Milko Skofic, Lollo's husband, dutifully admires a bonnet presented for his inspection by his pretty wife.

themselves babbling to their deadly rivals on the other extension.

United Press and Reuters dead-heated in the enterprise stakes by charging for husband Milko's study, overcoming resistance at the door, and falling happily on the private phone they found there. Gina and Milko rushed about reviving other journalists with drinks.

"I am finished," gabbled one reporter.

The news had first leaked out when Gina and the suavely handsome Milko, without whose advice she does not take a step in business, arrived in New York to talk over the filming of "Solomon and Sheba," which she was due shortly to make for Hollywood's United Artists.

Lollo was due also to make three other films, another in Hollywood and two more in Italy.

At Idlewild Airport she reeled out of the plane, sick and weeping. No sooner had they arrived at their suite in the Waldorf Astoria than she fainted. Skofic wanted to get pills for her, but to do this he had to call in an American doctor.

They called the hotel doctor, a white-haired old physician accustomed to treating celebrities without trumpeting their physical condition to the world at large. Indeed, it's doubtful if he had ever heard of Lollo.

After a brief examination he said blandly, "It seems evident that the lady is expecting a child." And calmly went on his way.

Having now reached the confessional stage, Lollo is declaring she would like a girl. She is now 30, "just the right age for me to become a mother." Her star is at its dizzy height, with—child or no child—no sign of its diminishing despite the hostile threat of Sophia Loren.

Thanks to Gina's incredible popularity and the astute management of her husband, she is also rich.

Says she, "Until a year ago I had never thought of having a child. Not because I thought this would damage my career, as some people imagined, but because I didn't want one.

"I didn't like children. When I had to be photographed with one I was embarrassed. Films occupied my whole life and enthusiasm. I was always on the go, and I liked that—just like I love beautiful clothes and applause.

"But it never went to my head. I know very well that glory as an actress is a very passing thing. Just the same, I was a woman with the brain of a little girl.

"Then, quite suddenly, it occurred to me that I was wasting my life. What use is money if one hasn't a real family? Milko and I had become nomads. I don't know when the change took place. I only know that something happened one day last summer when my husband and I returned home from Paris.

"Our home is so beautiful. I have built it exactly the way I dreamed of a beautiful home when we were poor.

"But that day it looked almost ugly and cold, full of useless furniture and bric-a-brac. It lacked something, and I understood what that was when the cook's little daughter came running out and threw her arms around me.

"I said it straight out then—'Milko, I want a child.'

She and her doctor-husband-manager have been married eight years now. Milko Skofic smiles at the way Lollo proposed to have a family.

"She ordered it just as she might order coffee and rolls," he said. "And for the whole of last summer she was wishing it till it had become an obsession. It was touching, and yet it made me laugh.

"Then one morning, long before she could really have known, Gina looked me in the eyes and said, 'We are going to have our baby. I know.' She just believed it, and she was right."

In between exulting, the darling of Italy has her moments of childlike fear, a relic, perhaps, of her former self.

She suddenly puts a hand to her mouth and exclaims, "I'm so afraid! Milko says I'm silly, but I am. And I shall become ugly, perhaps fat."

"Nonsense," soothes Milko, "I'll buy you a new pair of scales and you can weigh yourself every day."

He is the strength behind the fabulous success of Lollobrigida. Long ago the devoted Milko gave up his own practice to manage her affairs. Everybody in the film business admits he does it supremely well.

It's he who has to stir her out of a new preoccupation, motherhood, which envelops her in a daze.

"She stays sitting all day," he said. "I have to keep telling her she should be up and doing, taking exercise, carrying on with her ordinary life. She doesn't listen."

It is he who takes her by the hand for a walk in their grounds, sees that she doesn't catch cold, plans alterations to the villa to accommodate the nursery, and is now in touch with the best specialists in Europe.

A few months before the child is born he will take her to Switzerland, near Lausanne, because summer is too hot in Rome.

Among the telegrams which have poured in ever since the news broke there have even been two from behind the Iron Curtain. Once comes from a Moscow newspaper, the other from the publication "Mosk-witch" in Warsaw.

This letter, marked reply paid, was addressed: "Djina Lolobridjida, St. Peter's Square, Rome."

Such is a celebrity. They had her address confused with the Pope's.

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA wears this magnificent gown in her next film for Fox, "The Most Beautiful Woman in the World." It might easily have been titled just for Gina.



"I never wash my hair with soap—
I shampoo with Vaseline
Wonder-Foam."
says Victoria Shaw, Hollywood star



Bring new life . . . new shine . . . to your hair with 'Vaseline' Wonder-Foam Shampoo the way beautiful Victoria Shaw does every weekend. Victoria makes her Hollywood debut in Columbia's 'The Eddy Duchin Story', co-starring with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak.



Victoria's hair is always easy to manage — because 'Vaseline' Wonder-Foam leaves hair so clean that it sings through the comb . . . soft new waves ripple from the brush.

New formula makes 'Vaseline' Brand Shampoo faster foaming—even more gentle. And 'Vaseline' Wonder-Foam contains no dulling soap—will bring new life . . . new shine . . . and a glorious fresh-feeling to your hair.



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Perfect for oily, dry or normal hair.
In bottles, 3/3, 4/11 or 8/6. Handy plastic pack, 1/-.
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No mixing . . . no fuss . . . no delays with Rennies! Get instant relief anywhere, any time. Pleasant-tasting, too. In handy pocket pack—now on sale everywhere.

Tense crime thriller

★ A fast-moving drama of mounting suspense, "Eyewitness" (Pinewood) stars Donald Sinden as a merciless killer with no regrets.

The role is a complete change of pace for the usually amiable Sinden, whose previous film roles have been more heroic.

The action begins with a quarrel between newlyweds Muriel Pavlow and Michael Craig. She walks out of the house, pops into a cinema, and then decides that the whole thing is silly and decides to go home. But on the way she happens to see a crime committed, and must be silenced forever.



1 ALONE at a cinema after a tiff with her husband, Lucy (Muriel Pavlow) happens to see a hold-up in the office. She turns in blind terror and rushes out of an exit, straight into the path of a bus.



2 THE BUS pulls up, but Lucy, apparently dead, lies under the front wheels. The two thugs, Wade (Donald Sinden), right, and Barney (Nigel Stock), watch from the pavement to see whether the only witness to their crime has survived. They follow her to the hospital.



3 FIGHT for Lucy's life begins. As surgeons struggle to save her, Wade attempts to destroy Lucy. Meanwhile, the police have discovered that the crime is not robbery with violence, but murder.



4 LEFT. Nurse Penny Marston (Belinda Lee) leaves Lucy sleeping and slips out to see Mike, her American boyfriend (David Knight). He asks her to marry him, but there's been talk of strange men about and she is uneasy.



5 RIGHT. Lurking outside, Wade and the now unwilling Barney come to blows. Wade beats him cruelly, smashes his hearing-aid, and leaves Barney to be picked up by a patrolman. Wade waits to finish his task.



6 WORRIED by the hours that have passed since Lucy left the house, Jay (Michael Craig), her husband, raises an alarm. Police have a record of a woman answering Lucy's description and rush Jay off to the hospital in a car to identify her.



7 FINAL bid is made by Wade to liquidate the terrified girl by smothering her. But Wade, disguised as a doctor, has been recognised by Barney, who uses the cord of his hearing-aid to garotte his former partner just as Jay arrives.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 6, 1957



Make sure you
get the original

Pascall FRUIT BONBONS

There is only one best... so insist on
genuine Pascall Fruit Bonbons from
your confectioner. You'll love the
fresh fruit flavours of Pascall Fruit
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Available loose from all confectioners.
Also in the convenient SAK-PAK.
Handy for pocket or purse.

PZ/20/6



It's easy to dress the wriggliest
baby in **BOND'S** NEVABINDS



No trouble to get a Nevabind
singlet over baby's head. Its
specially designed shoulders
open wide — then fold back
for secure fit. And the sides
of the singlet are specially

reinforced to pin down to
nappy. Nevabinds are knitted
in finest cotton by Bond's —
famous makers of De-Glo
Baby Naps. At good stores
everywhere.

The latest knitting designs from overseas are in-
cluded in a special knitting supplement in next
week's issue of *The Australian Women's Weekly*.
You won't want to miss these superb new designs.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 6, 1957

Talking of Films

★ Love Me Tender

AFTER seeing him in
his debut film, "Love
Me Tender," the question
that comes most readily to
mind is "Why all the fuss
about Elvis Presley?"

Elvis is simply a husky
young man with a quiff of
stringy hair who has, with a
bit of luck, managed to parley
a meagre talent into a fan-
tastic success.

A large afternoon gathering
accorded the pride of rock-'n-
roll a surprisingly un-
enthusiastic reception in "Love
Me Tender." No whoops of
pleasure or moans of joy tore
the theatre calm, though the
audience was predominantly
youthful and obviously fami-
liar with the Presley record-
ings.

The laughter did break out,
however, each time the young
man went into that peculiar
hip-swing and leg-twitch that
is the gimmick of his act.

As it stands, Fox's Western
is a "B" grade period affair
with flurries of music, gunplay,
and galloping horses.

The plot concerns a corn-
patch family of four boys.
Elvis appears rather late in
the piece as the lad who stays
at home while his three older
brothers are away fighting for
the Confederate Army and
getting mixed up in a train
hold-up.

The domestic peace is shat-
tered altogether when Richard
Egan, the oldest brother, be-
lieved to have perished in
action, returns from the wars
to find that Presley has mar-
ried his sweetheart (Debra
Paget) a year before.

It is really Egan who car-
ries the whole film.

There's a great upheaval
when it turns out that the girl
likes the muscular Mr. Egan
a whole lot better than Mr.
Presley. And who can blame
her?

Worst scenes in a picture
which is painless for the most
part are those in which Elvis
gives the drama the full treat-
ment of droopy eyes, thick
lips, and sullen expression.
There's also a terrifying
moment at the very end in
which he returns to the scene
in spirit form singing "Love
Me Tender" and twanging
that gee-tar like anything.

In Sydney—Plaza.

★ The Mountain

IN "The Mountain,"
based on a story by
Henri Troyat, Paramount
tells a sort of Cain and
Abel story of brotherly
conflicts and sets it against
awe-inspiring backgrounds
of Alpine grandeur.

The slow-moving plot is
simple melodrama. The action
revolves almost entirely
around the two men.

The noble, older one, played
by veteran Spencer Tracy in
his best rough-hewn manner,
is a weather-beaten farmer in
the Chamonix Valley of
France. A mountain-climber
par excellence in his prime,
he now keeps close to the
ground because he fears the
Alpine heights.

Robert Wagner is the
wretched youngster who, in
order to loot a plane that has
crashed in a storm, forces his

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average
or not yet reviewed.

brother to tackle the dan-
gerous mountain face once
again.

It is by making the trip that
Tracy ultimately rids himself
of the fear that the mountain
has rejected him.

The long sequences that
are devoted to the climb itself
are extremely well done.

If you have ever wondered
what it is like to scramble
from ledge to ledge in order
to reach the top of a rugged
peak with disaster never more
than a split second away, this
is where you can find out.

The long trek back from the
summit is no less hazardous.
It permits Mr. Tracy to bring
in a pretty girl survivor who
is discovered in the wreckage
(Anna Kashfi) and get rid of
that preposterous brother on
the way.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

★ Rebel in Town

PITCHED for suspense
as well as drama,
"Rebel in Town" (United
Artists) is a small film
with an unexpected plot
and just enough quality to
keep you interested.

A family of ex-Confederates
on the run ride into what is
possibly the smallest town in
the whole mid-west to water
their horses.

J. Carrol Naish, an experi-
enced character actor, is the
bearded father. Ben Cooper,
John Smith, Cain Mason, and
Ben Johnson play his sons.

When Wesley, an instinctive
killer with an itchy trigger
finger, happens to shoot a boy
who fires a toy pistol at his
back, the family is in real
trouble.

The mounting conflicts be-
tween the boy's parents and
the rebels, ending in that
violent finale, are quite effec-
tive as these things go.

The parent roles are played
by a grimacing John Payne
and Ruth Roman. Both of
them have been seen to bet-
ter advantage on other oc-
casions.

In Sydney—Palace.

News from studios

FRIENDS of Liz Taylor's
recent bridegroom, Mike
Todd, say he'll film the "live"
version of "Don Quixote" in
Spain. Todd, by the way, will
rent a villa in southern France
this summer. Liz and Mike
Wilding's children will leave
Hollywood for France in a
few weeks and will stay at
the Todd villa.

IN Columbia's British comedy
"Uncle George," which is
star Nigel Patrick's first direct-
ing assignment, the leading
lady, Wendy Hiller, has to
be knitting every time the
camera turns on her. The
film will take three months
to complete. There are 300
scenes. Says Wendy, "Can
anyone use a scarf 98 yards
long?"

Doctors prove
PALMOLIVE
can bring you
a lovelier complexion
in 14 days!



YOU, TOO, can look for these
complexion improvements in 14 days

- ★ Fresher, brighter complexion!
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- ★ Added softness and smoothness!
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blackheads!

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This is all you do. Simply massage your skin twice a
day with the extra-mild pure lather of Palmolive—
then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring
out your beauty while it cleans your skin.
Use Palmolive... it's so mild—so gentle... that's
why Palmolive is by far the largest selling toilet soap
in Australia.



BUY THE BIG SUPER-BATH SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

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PHILIPS
LAMPS
for better
light



OBTAINABLE AT ALL STORES



Page 49

"Just **FEEL** the difference!
so soft! so silky!"



**Amazing NEW LOTION revitalizes
as it perms..makes hair manageable!**

Now!...a home perm lotion that *really* works wonders with your hair...
New Creamy Prom. And New Creamy Prom is the easiest home perm ever!
It never drips, needs no resaturation and you wave your hair comfortably
and conveniently in your own home. Simply apply 'Creamy Prom lotion to
your hair...roll it up and rinse. New Creamy Prom revitalises your hair
as it perms...gives you a
lovely head of soft, natural
curls that will make a hit
with every HIM.



WHOLE
HEAD
SIZE
13/6

Leaves hair TANGLE-FREE

Continuing . . . Wildfire at Midnight

from page 5

rather battered packet of cigarettes, they encountered something else, something metallic and unfamiliar.

I gave an exclamation as I remembered what it was. Dougal turned an inquiring eye in my direction through a small fog of pipe-smoke.

"I ought to have given this to the Inspector, I suppose," I said, withdrawing my hand from my pocket with the cairngorm brooch. "It's Roberta's, and—"

"Where did ye get that?" The big Scotsman's voice was harsh. His pipe fell unheeded into the heather and his hand shot out and grabbed the brooch from my palm. He turned it over and over in a hand that shook.

"Why—up on the hill yesterday," I said uncertainly. "On the scree near the Sputan Dhu. I—I thought Miss Symes must have dropped it there."

"It was Heather's," Dougal's voice was unsteady, too. "Heather's?" Confusedly I tried to remember where I had picked it up . . . yes, it had been lying on the scree below the ledge where she had been found. Could it have dropped or been kicked off that little pile of metal in the corner?

I turned to look back at Blaven, only to find that the mist was indeed rolling down the slopes behind us like a tide of smoking lava. Blaven was already invisible and a great wall of mist bore steadily across the glen behind us, obliterating the afternoon.

"I gave it to her for her birthday," said Dougal, his voice unnaturally loud and harsh. "She was wearing it when she went out that night . . ." He stared at it for a moment longer, then thrust it back at me. "You'd best take it, mistress. Give it to the Inspector and tell him where you found it. God knows it won't help him, but—" He broke off and turned with bent head to hunt for his pipe. By the time he had got it alight again his face was once more impassive and his hands steady. He glanced round at the silently advancing mist.

"This'll be better for the fish," he said, and relapsed into silence.

THE sun had gone, and with it the peace of the place had vanished, too. The finding of that pathetic brooch had brought back only too vividly the horrors which had beset this lovely glen. My own miserable doubts and fears began again to press in on me as the grey mist was pressing. The other side of the river was invisible now. We seemed, Dougal and I, to be in the centre of a world of rolling grey cloud, islanded between the loud river and the lake, whose still and sombre glimmer dwindled by degrees into a grey haze of nothing.

I shivered. "Don't you think we ought to go back, Mr. Macrae? I think I ought to give the brooch to the Inspector straight away."

He got up. "It's as you wish, mistress. Shall I take down the rods then?"

I hesitated. Perhaps it was only the eeriness of the mist-wrapped glen, but suddenly, violently, I wanted to be gone. I could escape this thing no longer; I must face my problem now and take whatever uneasy peace was left to me.

"I think we will go back," I said at length. "I know I ought to go and see the Inspector, and it isn't right to put it off any more. And I—I don't like the mist."

"We can't lose our way along the river bank even in this. Don't worry your head about the mist. Just bide still a minute while I get my rod, then we'll get away back."

He turned down-river, and before he had gone ten yards was swallowed in the mist. I stubbed out my cigarette on the now-chilly stone and watched the grey swirl where he had disappeared. The obliterating cloud pressed closer, on heather, on rock, on the chuckling water.

The dipper warned me first. It burst from under the fog, fleeing upstream with a rattle of alarm-notes that made my nerves jump and tingle.

Then through the blank wall of the mist there tore a cry. A curse. A thudding, gasping noise, and the sickening sound of a blow. And a sharp yell from Dougal.

"Lassie! Run!" Then the horrible sound of harsh breath choking, rasping in a crushed throat; another thud; and silence.

Of course I screamed. The sound was like a bright knife of panic slashing at the mist. But the grey swirls deadened it; then they were all round me, clawing and fingering at me as I stumbled forward towards where Dougal's voice had been.

I am not brave. I was horribly frightened, with a chill and nauseating terror. But I don't think anybody normal would unhesitatingly run away if they heard a friend being attacked nearby.

So I leaped forward, only to falter and trip before I had gone five yards, so blinding now was the mist that shrouded the moor. Even the edge of the river was invisible, and a hasty step could result in a broken ankle, or, at best, a plunge into the rock-ridden swirl of waters.

I put out my hands, foolishly, gropingly, as if they could pull aside the pale blanket of the mist. I plunged another four yards into it, then I stepped on nothing and went hurtling down a bank to land on my knees in deep heather.

It was only then that I noticed how complete was the silence. The sounds of the struggle had ceased. Even the river, cut off from me by the bank, ran muted under the mist. I crouched there, shaken and terrified, clutching the wet heather-stems and straining with wide, blind eyes into the blankness around me.

I found I was turning my head from side to side with a blind, weaving motion, like a newborn beast scenting the air. The mist pressed close, the bewildering, sense-blotting nothingness of the mist, so that I no longer knew which way the river ran or where I had heard the men fighting, or—where the murderer might now be supposed to be.

Then I heard him breathing. There was a soft step, another. Water-drops splattered off the heather; the stiff sedge rustled and was still. Silence.

He had been ahead of me, to the right. Of that I was certain, but how near . . . ?

The breathing surely came from behind me now. My head jerked round on neck-muscles as tight and dry as rope. I could feel my eyes straining wider, my mouth slackening in panic. My hands tightened on the heather-stems till I thought he must hear the bones cracking.

And now the breathing had stopped. Somewhere, the river poured its unheeding waters along under the peat-banks. Behind me? Before? To the right? I found I could no longer trust my senses, and, on the heels of that betrayal, panic came.

All at once the mist was full of noises: the rustle of heather was the murderer's breathing, the thud of my own frightened

heart his footstep; the surging of blood in my temples blended with the rush of the invisible river, eddying, wavering, distorted by the dizzying mist into the very stuff of terror . . .

There was salt on my tongue; blood. My lip throbbed painfully where I had bitten it, but the pain had checked the panic. I flattened myself in the long heather, closed my eyes, and listened.

HE was there: there had been no illusion about that. He was fairly close, moving towards me, but a little way to one side, between me and the river. I could hear the water now quite clearly some few yards away on the right.

I went lower in the heather, flat in my form like a hunted animal, glad now of the bewildering mist which was the friend of the hunted more than of the hunter. I had only to keep still; perhaps, when he had passed me, I could break cover and run, and . . .

He was level with me now, between me and the river. His breathing was shallow, rapid, excited. He stopped.

Then, farther away, down along the river-bank, I heard something else. Footsteps, heavy, uncertain footsteps that thudded on heather and then scraped on rock. Dougal Macrae's voice called thickly: "Lassie . . . lassie, are ye there?"

A great sob of thankfulness tore at my throat, but I choked it back, wondering wildly what to do. If I answered . . . the murderer was within six yards of me, I knew. I heard his harsh indrawn breath; sensed the tensing of his muscles as he realised that he had failed to eliminate Dougal.

If I called to Dougal, was there anything to save my throat from that bright butcher's knife not twenty feet away? A knife which could dispatch me in a matter of seconds and then turn its dripping point to wait for Dougal to answer my call . . .

But I must call . . . Not for help, but for warning. I must cry out and tell Dougal that he is here, the killer is here, just beside me. Somehow I must cry out and then run, run into the lovely blinding mist, away from the knife and the excited hands of the butcher coming behind me.

And Dougal was coming. He plunged towards us, as bold and heavy as an angry bull. I was on my knees and my mouth was gaping to shout a warning, when suddenly the murderer turned and was running up-river like a stag. I could hear him bounding, sure as a deer, through the long heather. And Dougal heard him, too. He let out a yell that was a curse and flung himself after the escaping man.

I saw him looming through the fog: I caught the gleam of a blade in his lifted fist, and I saw in his face such a white blaze of anger as to make him unrecognisable. He looked like some avenging giant out of an old myth.

I gasped out something as he plunged past me, but he paid no heed. He brushed by me as if I were not there and blundered on into the mist after the killer. Even as I cried in panic: "Dougal!" he vanished up-river into the fog.

He must have glimpsed or heard his quarry, because my cry was drowned in a harsh, eerie yell that startled the sullen heather with its pagan echoes and sent a flock of oyster-catchers screaming up into the mist like witches.

"A mhurtair! A mhich an diabhail! Aie!"

One of the birds rocketed over my head with the screech

To page 52

HOW TO BEAT RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from rheumatism here is good advice. Immediately you get up in the morning, make your bed. If you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bed-clothes which become damp and a damp bed is bad for you. Next, keep warm always. If you work hard, wear wool or flannel next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills. No matter how hot conditions are, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially in a wind. So pull on woollens or flannels while you are still warm. To get warm quickly in bed, wear socks if necessary, lie on your back with legs straight, so that spine, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth. Rub and exercise painful muscles and joints. Don't let them grow stiff through too little movement. Take your daily dose of Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS to give you your quota of "trace elements" and to liberate nascent oxygen to assist your kidneys to exercise their purifying effect. Get MENTHOIDS from your chemist or store for 15/- or 5/-, and get relief from rheumatism for only three pence a day. Save five shillings by buying the 15/- ECONOMY SIZE flask of MENTHOIDS.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

M11



JUST TELL THE WIFE to buy FORD PILLS in the larger economy Family size, and get over twice the quantity for only 6/- EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS

SUPERFLUOUS

HAIRS HOME TREATMENT

Permanently banish unsightly hair with "Vanix." A few applications and hair becomes less noticeable, then gradually withers and roots are killed. "Vanix" is painless and has no injurious effect on the skin.

"VANIX" is only 7/11 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 718 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boas Ltd., Perth. Mail Orders 9/- including postage, from above or direct from The Vanix Co., Box 18-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

With winter not far off, now is the time to begin knitting warm woollens. Don't miss the new knitting designs in next week's issue of *The Australian Women's Weekly*.



DS229.—One-piece dress in sizes 36 to 44in. bust. Requires 3yds. of 54in. material or 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. Address orders to Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

DRESS SENSE

By *Betty Keep*

● The autumn dress illustrated above is chosen in answer to a number of letters from the 50 to 60 age group. The requests are basically the same—"a becoming dark dress for a special occasion."

HERE is a typical letter and my reply:

"WOULD you design for me a frock suitable for my daughter's twenty-first birthday party? The party will be in our home at 6 p.m. and there will be 24 guests. I want to wear the appropriate clothes and would like the frock in black with some type of costume jewellery. Could you provide a dress pattern for size 42in. bust? Also should my husband wear a navy or a slate-grey suit and what colored tie and shoes would be correct?"

The design I have chosen for you is illustrated above. The dress has simple, becoming lines and is worn with a three-stranded white pearl necklace and a matching bracelet. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 36 to 44in. bust. Under

the picture are further details and how to order. Your husband will be correctly dressed in a navy-blue lounge suit, dark tie and socks, and black shoes.

"WILL black be worn this winter?"

Black has not been so popular for years. Black on its own has staged a comeback in coats and suits, and the black dress for late day has never been so chic.

"MY problem is a new hat for a 4 p.m. reception. I am wearing nigger-brown and had thought of a white hat, but as I am over fifty I feel it might be too young. Will you also tell me what are the most popular millinery shapes?"

This autumn mature women (and young girls) will wear white hats made in furry-type velours. White feathers also

will be used for sophisticated formal millinery. The newest shapes include a side-draped toque, a high cloche, and tambourine and basin shapes. Jersey is the newest trimming.

"WHAT is the newest line for a skirt—slim or wide?"

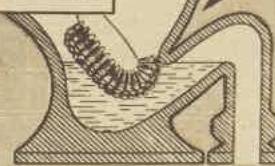
Most of the newest skirts have a measure of ease even when straight. Dior's Dutch boy skirt, with a "full" hip-line created by trouser pleats or unpressed inverted pleats, probably will be the most copied silhouette.

"I AM just 16, fashion-conscious, and like to wear the latest designs. My present problem is a style for a three-quarter length coat to wear to watch weekend sport."

A hooded, straight coat made in black fleece and lined with a vivid plaid would look new and smart.

No brush can clean around this dangerous HIDDEN "S" BEND

HARPIC kills dangerous germs which lurk and breed round the hidden "S" bend.



Keep your toilet clean and bright with a little HARPIC every night



HARPIC disinfects and deodorises—as it cleans



NEW PLEASANT WAY TO REALLY CLEAN YOUR TOILET!

Simply sprinkle in Harpic at night and flush in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly, killing germs around that hidden "S" bend, leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling, hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic can be used with perfect safety for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls. Ask for Harpic at your store.

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Career Housewife



WORKING WIFE, Mrs. D. Brennan, Victoria Street, Potts Point, Sydney, has a job many housewives would envy. Glamorously gowned, with beautiful make-up and hair-do, she stands on a pedestal in the foyer of the Prince Edward Theatre, Sydney, the centre of all eyes as she greets patrons and directs them to their location in the theatre.

WITH A WAVE OF HER WELL-GROOMED HAND

With hands always in the spotlight, Mrs. Brennan must keep them attractive and well-groomed. It isn't always easy when you do your own washing, but Mrs. Brennan has the answer. She says: "On washday I always use Persil because it's so wonderfully kind and gentle. Persil keeps my hands soft and smooth."

Beauty in brief:

NEW LIP PATTERNS

By CAROLYN EARLE

● IF you're depressed about your looks, remember that a new mouth, like a new hat, can lift and alter the whole face.

RIGHT now there are three fashionable lip patterns.

The first pattern features a widely arched upper lip-line with a very shallow space between the two curves. There is no peak, just two sweeping curves balanced by a fairly deep lower lip.

Then there's the sophisticated pout favored by high-fashion models.

Here you must accentuate the peaks of the cupid's bow, then draw two perfectly straight lines down to each lip corner.

Probably only the young and venture-some will cotton on to the third pattern.

In this you follow the lines set out above but use an exaggerated brush to fashion higher peaks and bolder lines all round.

of a soul in torment, the mist streaming from its wings in swathes like grey grass under the scythe.

It vanished, and the mist swept down in its wake, and the sound of the men's running was blotted out once more by the muffled silence.

I turned and ran blindly in the opposite direction.

I do not know how long that stumbling, terrified flight through the heather lasted. I had succumbed finally to pure panic—mindless, senseless, sobbing panic. I was no longer frightened of the killer: reason had stayed with me just long enough to show me that he was no longer concerned with me. Attacking an unsuspecting man out of the mist was one thing: facing an armed Highlander, fighting-mad, on his own ground was quite another.

No, the murderer had to lose Dougal very effectively in the fog before he dared turn back

Continuing . . . Wildfire at Midnight

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to me—and then he had to find me.

But panic has nothing to do with reason. Reason now had slipped her cogs and my brain was spinning sickeningly, uselessly, out of control. I ran and jumped and slithered, and the salt tears slid down my face with the wet mist-drops and flicked into my open mouth on to my tongue.

The white mist met me like a blank wall; my hands were out like a blind man's; the skin of my face and my palms was winching as I thrust myself wildly against the intangible barrier. And as I ran I chattered crazily to myself: "No—oh, no—oh, no . . ."

What brought me up, all standing, with the panic knocked out of me as at the slash of a whip, was the fact that the ground over which I blundered was shaking beneath my feet.

Half-dazedly I peered at the tufted mosses over which I had been running. Tentatively I took another step. The ground shivered and I backed quickly, only to feel the surface of the moor rocking like the bottom-boards of a punt.

I stood very still.

There was a small dreadful sound beneath my feet, as if the ground had sucked in a bubbling breath.

My lapse from reason had cost me dearly enough. I was well out in the bog of which Roderick had once spoken, and how far out I had, I found, no idea. Nor could I tell at all accurately from what direction I had been running when I made this last frightening discovery.

Fear flickered its bat's-wings at me afresh, but I shook my head sharply, as if by doing so I could drive it away. I stood exactly where I was, trying to ignore the ominous trembling of the earth, and listened for the sound of the river.

But it was of no use. The more I strained my ears, the more confused were the sounds

that eddied and swung round me in the mist.

I heard faintly the muted murmur of flowing water, but it seemed to come from every quarter at once, reflected off the banks of fog, and over it, all the time, whispered and clucked the invisible life of the bog—small lippings, suckings, a million tiny bubbles popping, uneasy breaths . . .

My feet were sinking. With an almost physical effort, I gathered the last rags of my self-control round me, then stepped quietly towards a tussock of heather a couple of yards away. The feel of its tough, resistant stems under my feet did much to steady my nerves, but my body was shaking uncontrollably now, and my teeth were chattering.

I stood islanded on my little tump of heather, peering vainly along the ground in every direction and being met, in every direction, by the same few feet of boggy green, swimming and shifting under the treacherous mist.

But I knew that I must move, must leave my little tuft of safety and go in some direction—any direction. I told myself that the bog was unlikely to be really dangerous, but here, again, reason was no real help.

I think it was the fact of being blinded that brought panic pressing so persistently close. If I could have seen even four yards in front of me, seen where my feet were going five steps ahead, it would not have been so bad. But that I should be moving blindly over this hideous, shivering bog, ignorant of the real gravity of the danger; and moving, possibly, farther out into a worse place . . .

I clenched my hands into icy knots, turned in what I imagined to be the direction of the river, and walked slowly forward.

The sheer effort of self-

control needed to make me move slowly was so enormous that, mercifully, I could not think about anything else. I wanted to run: how I wanted to run! But I made myself go slowly, testing each step.

Once I trod unwarily on a patch of lighter green and went up to the knee into black mud. And by the time I had skirted the light patch, stepping warily from one moss hag to the next, I had completely lost all sense of direction again, so that when a ghostly skeleton-shape floated out of the mist beside me my whole body jerked like a marionette's with fear.

It was only the pale ghost of a young birch, a bone-bare

could make without delay for the safe ground.

I trod towards it warily, trying to see it again in my mind's eye as I had noticed it the first night. It was quite possibly not the same tree, but in the mind-annihilating swirl of mist even this frail compass was as sure as the pillar of fire in the wilderness. I stood by it, anchored by its deceptive solidity, and tried to remember, steadying myself quite deliberately with hope.

It had been lying, roughly, north and south. Of that I felt sure. And surely I must still be to the river side of it? In which case the safe ground was beyond it, about thirty yards beyond.

If I could once reach that, I would, sooner or later, find a sheep-track that would lead

thing that had been tugging at the skirts of my senses for a little time. The ground was shaking. I was standing perfectly still, but the ground was shaking.

So complete had been my absorption in my new fear that I had actually forgotten that, somewhere out in the blind world, there was a murderer looking for me with a knife . . . And here he was, moving steadily across the quaking bog.

I dropped to my face behind the skeleton of the birch. The rushes were thick and tall. Beneath me the ground shivered and breathed. I lay frozen, this time not even frightened, simply frozen, icy, numb. I doubt if even the knife, ripping down through the mist, would have had the power to move me.

"Gianetta . . ." It was a tiny whisper, no more than a harsh breath. It could have been the breathing of the bog, the exhaling of the marsh gas in its million tiny bubbles.

"Gianetta . . ." It was nearer now. "Gianetta . . ." The mist was rustling with my name. It floated in little dry whispers like falling leaves, swirling lightly down to rest on the shivering ground.

He was moving slowly: under my body I could feel the measured vibrations of his tread. His hands would be out in front of him, groping for me: his whispering probed the silence, reaching out to trap me.

I recognised it, of course. Oh, yes, I knew him now, beyond all doubt. I knew now that my unhappy guessing had been right enough: knew now why the Inspector had pitied me; and why Alastair, four nights ago, had given me that look of unexpressed compassion.

"Gianetta . . ." There it was again, that name—the name that no one else ever called me . . . the name I had heard shouted through the darkness beside Ronald Beagle's funeral pyre . . . His voice floated down through the mist,

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"Nonsense, Helen . . . he probably got hurt at a masquerade party!"

branch that lay rotting on the bog: touchwood, crumbling to decay; but in that misty morass it looked solid, and where it lay the tufted reeds were tall and dark and promised safety.

And I drew a breath of hope. The shape that showed so insubstantial through the fog was one I had seen before. Surely Roderick and I had passed quite near a fallen birch on that first evening's walk? It had lain on our left, not many yards away, between us and the river. I had only to remember which way it had lain in relation to our path, and I

me down the glen to within sound of the sea. Or I might find some trickle of running water that would lead me safely to the river and the hotel.

A black shape shot out of the mist at my back and skimmed, whirling, into invisibility. A grouse. I swore at it under my breath and quieted my hammering pulses once again. Then I stepped carefully over the birch-tree and took what I thought were my bearings, straining my eyes once more against the mist.

It was only then that I became fully conscious of some-



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Mrs. Betty Dunleavy shows you how to cut food costs and still serve sweets to tempt your family!



Mrs. Betty Dunleavy, the well-known Australian cooking expert and demonstrator who has already appeared on TV., gives you these special recipes right from her own home kitchen.

First of all try this Frozen Mocha Snow



The economical ingredients are: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 4 level tablespoons Wade's cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups medium-strength milk coffee, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, another cup milk, 4 level tablespoons powdered milk.

Now, simply mix cornflour and sugar with half cup milk and add to hot milk coffee. Return to saucepan and bring to the boil. Cook well and cool. Add the 1 cup milk, which has been blended with the powdered milk, and flavor with vanilla. Place in refrigerator trays and freeze until firm.



This Pineapple Cheese Dessert is fun

Take 1 small tin crushed pineapple, 2 level tablespoons Wade's cornflour, 2 teasp. water, 8oz. cream or cottage cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teasp. vanilla.

Cook pineapple over low heat 5 mins. Blend cornflour with water, add to pineapple, cook until clear, stirring constantly. Cool. Combine cheese and shortening, add sugar gradually, beating until light and fluffy. Beat in egg, then flour alternately with combined milk and vanilla. Pour pineapple mixture into greased oven dish, top with cheese mixture. Bake in hot oven 10 mins. Reduce heat to moderate, continue baking 30 mins. Serve hot or cold.

Chocolate Orange Layer Sweet

One and a half cups milk, 2oz. chocolate grated, 3 level tablespoons Wade's cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teasp. salt, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 eggs separated, 2 level tablespoons shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ teasp. vanilla.



Heat 1 cup milk with the chocolate over boiling water until chocolate has melted. Blend cornflour and sugar with 2 tablespoons milk and salt, and add to hot mixture; cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add egg yolks, first blended with a little of the hot mixture and cook 3 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in shortening. Pour into serving dish. Top with orange topping. Orange Topping: 1 level teaspoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated unsweetened condensed milk, chilled. Soften gelatine in orange juice and stand in hot water until dissolved. Beat egg whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beating well after each addition. Fold in orange-gelatine mixture. Whip evaporated milk until very thick. Fold in egg mixture and spread over chocolate layer. Chill at least 1 hour before serving.

Eggnog Shape

From these ingredients: 2 level teasp. gelatine, 1 tablesp. water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 level tablespoons Wade's cornflour, pinch salt, 1 cup milk scalded, 2 egg yolks slightly beaten, $\frac{1}{2}$ teasp. vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ teasp. almond extract, 1 cup evaporated unsweetened condensed milk or cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup maraschino or glace cherries, sliced.

Start by softening the gelatine in the cold water. Combine sugar, cornflour, and salt, and stir into scalded milk—cook over low heat 5 mins., stirring constantly. Pour a small amount on to egg yolks, mix well, and return to hot mixture. Cook over low heat until thick, stir in gelatine and allow to cool. Fold in flavorings, cream, nuts, and cherries. Pour into greased or wetted mould and chill until firm.



Cooking Hints

TO PREVENT
DRIED FRUIT



TO GIVE
SPONGE CAKES

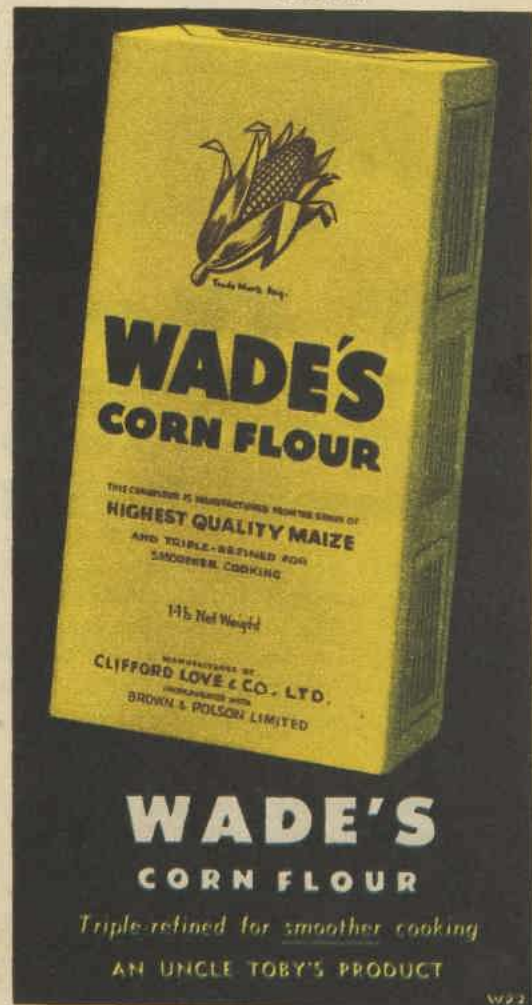
and Glace Cherries from sinking to the bottom of your fruit cake, toss them in Wade's cornflour before adding them to the cake mixture.

a lovely sugary crust; after you've greased the cake tin, coat it well with 1 teaspoonful Wade's cornflour mixed with 1 teaspoonful castor sugar.

Beautiful Banana Cream

Costs so little, makes so much, uses only 2 level tablesp. sugar, finely peeled rind 1 lemon, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints milk, 4 level tablespoons Wade's cornflour, 3 bananas, 2 passionfruit.

Just blend cornflour and sugar with some of the milk, place remainder on to boil with lemon rind. When boiling, add blended cornflour and bananas. Turn into mould stir until it boils and thickens, remove rind, spread passionfruit pulp over top, place remainder on to boil in passionfruit and sliced bananas. Turn into mould until set.





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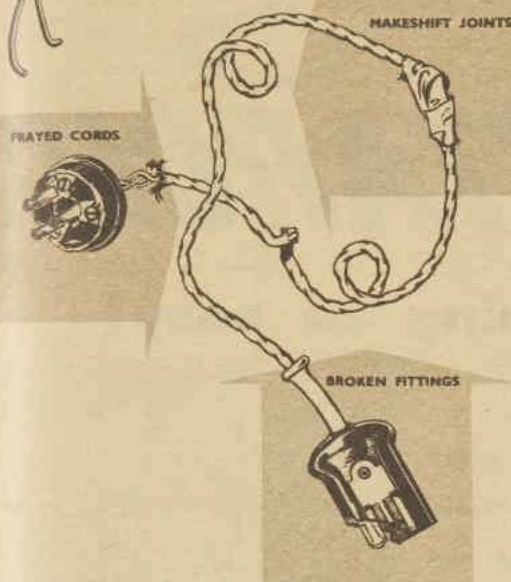


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 6, 1957

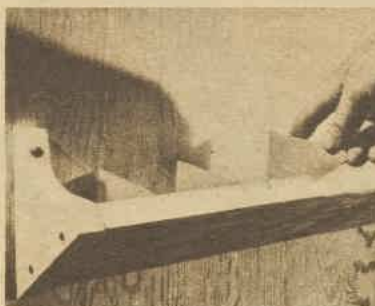
How-to tips

● Here are some ideas that will save the handyman time and money when he has jobs to do around the house.



IMPROVISE a rasp from old tins for rough shaping of wood. Cut a piece of tin with tinsnips and punch the entire surface with a nail, the size depending on the type of cut you need. Tack the tin to a block of wood and use as a rasp.

BUILD a tilted trough by the side of the workbench to hold nails, screws, bolts, etc., for immediate use. Make sawcuts as shown to take triangles of glass or metal to divide trough into compartments.



WHEN using liquid paint remover, apply it thickly and evenly for best results. The easiest way to do this is to use a hand-operated insect spray. Protect any nearby surfaces with paper or a cloth.



TO fill a crack or a hole in a wall that is not to be repainted later, mix the patching plaster with matching paint instead of water. This will make a perfect color match with the walls, and the filler won't shrink away from the edges of the crack.



MORE HANDYMAN HINTS

An easy way to paint window frames neatly is to rub a small piece of soap over the glass first. When the paint has dried off, the soap can be washed off, taking any paint overlap or spatters with it.

In cold or damp weather warm all joints on which hot wood glue is to be used. The warmed wood keeps the glue from chilling too quickly and the work can be assembled without haste.

FRENCH polish and varnish can be removed from the fingers with a solution of washing soda and water. This is a cheaper way than using methylated spirit.

WHEN repairing furniture around the home, a slip of the hammer may bruise the wood. Avoid this by slipping a leather washer over the nail as soon as it has been started into the wood. It can then be driven in safely, and a nail-punch can be used to drive it below the surface.

An iron plane will run better if it is lubricated with raw linseed oil. Keep a pad of cotton-wool soaked with the oil and draw it across the sole whenever it gets stiff.

WHEN a file seems to be losing its edge and cutting power, rub it over with ordinary chalk. This will absorb any dulling film of oil or grease from the surface.



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Continuing . . . Wildfire at Midnight

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a little fainter now, as if he had turned his head away. "Gianetta, where are you? Where are you?"

Roderick had guessed, too, of course. I wondered, pressing my body closer to the wet ground, why he had been so sure that I, alone of all the people at Camasunary, would be unharmed.

"Are you there, Gianetta? Don't be afraid . . ."

I don't think I was afraid, now that I knew for certain it was Nicholas. It wasn't that I believed, with Roderick, that, because of the past, Nicholas would never hurt me. It was just that, as that terrible whispering brought my suspicions to life and made them into truth, I didn't care any more. Not about anything.

"Gianetta . . . Gianetta . . . Gianetta . . ." The syllables pattered down through the mist in a fantastic muttered counterpoint.

I put my cold cheek down on the soggy grasses and cried silently, while the fog wavered and whispered with my name and its ghostly grey fingers pressed me into the marsh.

And then he was gone. The groping voice had faded, echoed, and faded again. The quaking of the bog had ceased. A bird had slipped silently and unalarmed across the grass. He was gone.

I got up stiffly, and, myself moving like a weary ghost, trudged uncaring, heedless, mindless, across the bog, away from the last mocking echo of his voice.

And almost at once I was on firm ground, among stones and long heather. I quickened my pace instinctively. The ground was rising steadily away from the bog, and presently I found the mist was wavering and dwindling round me. I plunged up the slope at an increasing rate as my range of vision extended. The fog thinned, shrank, and ebbed away behind me.

As suddenly as a swimmer diving up through the foam of a wave to meet the air, I burst out of the last swirl of mist into the vivid sunshine.

THE relief was so colossal, the change so unbelievable, that I could only stand, blinking, in the clear light of the afternoon sun. My eyes, blinded with mist and still dazzled with crying, took several seconds to get used to the flood of light. Then I saw where I was. I had clambered a little way up the lower slope of Blaven, at a point where a great dyke of rock bisected the scree, a wall laid uphill like an enormous buttress against the upper cliffs. The foot of this buttress was tipped by the fog, which held the lower ground still invisible under its pale tide. The glen itself, the loch, the long Atlantic bay, all lay hidden, drowned under the mist which stretched like a still white lake from Blaven to Sgurr na Stri, from Garven to Marisco. And out of it, on every hand, the mountains rose, blue and purple and golden-green in the sunlight, swimming above the vaporous sea like fabulous islands.

Below, blind terror might trope still in the choking grey, here above, where I stood, was a new and golden world. I might have been alone in the dawn of time watching the first mountains rear themselves out of the clouds of chaos . . .

But I was not alone. Hardly had my eyes adjusted themselves to the brilliant spaciousness of my new world above the clouds when I became aware of someone about fifty yards away. He had not seen me, but was standing near the foot of the great rock buttress, gazing past it, away from me, towards the open horizon

of the south-west. It was Roderick Grant. I could see the dark-gold gleam of his hair in the sunlight.

I called "Roderick!" and was amazed at the harsh creak that my stiff throat produced.

He did not move. My knees were shaking, and it was with difficult, uncertain steps that I made my way towards him over the rough ground.

I said his name again: "Roderick!"

He heard then. He swung round. He said: "Yes?" and then "Janet!"

His voice sounded raw with shock, but at that I could hardly feel surprised. I must have looked terrible, death-white and shaking, wet and filthy, with the ghosts of terror and despair still looking out of my eyes.

He took two swift strides to meet me and caught hold of my hands or I would have fallen. He thrust me down on to a flat rock with my back against the warm stone of the buttress.

I shut my eyes and the sunlight beat against the lids in swirls of red and gold and violet. I could feel its heat washing over me in great reviving waves, and I relaxed in it, drawing my breath more

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world. The unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore, all progress depends on the unreasonable man.

—G. B. Shaw

smoothly. Then at length I opened my eyes and looked up at Roderick.

He was standing in front of me, watching me, and in those blue eyes I saw again that dreadful look of compassion. I knew what it meant now and I could not meet it. I looked away from him and busied myself pulling off my sodden shoes and unfastening my coat, which slid off my shoulders to lie in a wet huddle on the rock.

My blouse was hardly damp, and the grateful heat poured through it on to my shoulders.

He spoke then: "You don't know?"

I nodded. He said slowly, an odd note in his voice: "I told you that you would not be hurt. I shouldn't have said it. It was—"

"It hardly matters," I said wearily. "Though why you thought, after what Nicholas put me through when we got divorced, that he'd have any scruples about me now, I don't know." My left hand was flat on the hot rock. The line where my wedding ring had been showed clear and white on the third finger.

I said, still with the weight of dreariness pressing on me: "It was wrong of me to try to protect him, suspecting what he was. I see that now. One shouldn't really put people before principles. Not when the people are—outlaws."

My voice dwindled and stopped. He had turned away from me and his eyes were on the distant peaks of the Cuillin, where they swam above the vaporous lake.

"Why did you do it?" I blinked stupidly. "Why did I do what?"

"Protect—him." There was a curious light tone to his voice that might have been relief. I hesitated, then said flatly:

"Because I'm his wife."

He turned his head sharply. "Divorced?"

"Oh, yes. But—but that made no difference to some things. I mean, one has loyalties—"

He said harshly: "Loyalties? Why call it loyalty when you mean love?"

I said nothing.

"Don't you?"

"I suppose so."

He was silent. Then he said abruptly: "What happened down there? How did you find out?"

"He was looking for me in the mist. He called me. I knew his voice."

"He called you! But surely—"

"I was with Dougal Macrae fishing when the mist came down. Dougal had gone to get his rod. I heard a struggle, and Dougal must have been knocked out, then he—Nicholas—started looking for me. Only Dougal recovered and went after him. They both chased off into the mist and I ran away, but I got lost. And then—and then—"

"Yes?"

"I heard him coming across the bog calling for me. Not calling really, only whispering. I suppose he'd given Dougal the slip and had doubled back to look for me. And he doesn't call loudly in case Dougal heard him."

"He must know that you've guessed who—that he is."

I shivered a little. "Yes." He was peering down now at the thick pall that covered the valley. "So Drury is down there. In that?"

"Yes."

"How far away?" "I don't know. I suppose it was only a few minutes ago that—"

He swung round on me so suddenly that I was startled. "Come on," he said abruptly, almost roughly. "We've got to get out of this. Get your shoes."

He had hold of my wrist and pulled me to my feet.

"Down into that?" I said doubtfully. "Shouldn't we wait till it clears a little? He's—"

"Down? Of course not. We're going up."

"What on earth d'you mean?"

He laughed almost gaily. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills . . ." He seized my coat where it lay on the rock and shook out its damp folds. Something tinkled sharply on to a boulder and rolled aside with a clint. "Don't ask questions, Janet. Do as I say. What's that?"

"Oh!" I cried, stooping after it. "It's Heather's brooch!"

"Heather's brooch?" His tone was casual, so casual that I looked at him in some surprise.

"Yes. I found it yesterday under that dreadful ledge. I thought it was Roberta's, but Dougal said—"

Once again my voice dwindled and died in my throat. I stood up, the brooch in my hand, and looked up into his eyes.

I said: "The first night I was here you told me about Heather's murder. You told me about the little pile of jewellery that was found on the ledge. A bracelet, you said, and a brooch, and—oh, other things. But the brooch wasn't on the ledge when she was found. And since she had only been given it that day for her birthday, you couldn't have known about it, unless you saw her wearing it yourself. Unless you, yourself, put it on to that little pile on the ledge beside the bonfire."

High up somewhere a lark was singing. Round us, serene

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above the mist, the mountains swam. Roderick Grant smiled down at me, his blue eyes very bright.

"Yes," he said gently. "Of course. But what a pity you remembered, isn't it?"

So we faced each other, the murderer and I, marooned together on our island Ararat above the flood of cloud; alone together, above the silent world, on the mountain where already he had sent three people to their deaths.

He was smiling still, and I saw in his face again the look of compassion that, now, I understood. He liked me, and he was going to kill me. He was sorry, but he was going to kill me.

But, just for a moment, even this knowledge was crowded out by the one glorious surge of elation that swept through me. The whole of that silent, cloud-top world was drenched with the light of the sun and the song of the lark—and the knowledge that I had been criminally, stupidly, cruelly wrong about Nicholas.

FOR something like two full minutes I stared into Roderick Grant's mad blue eyes and thought not, "I am here alone with a maniac killer," but "It was not Nicholas, it was not Nicholas..." Roderick said regretfully: "I'm so sorry, Janet. I really am, you know. I knew when I heard you talking to Douglas by the river that sooner or later you'd remember. I didn't really mean to, but of course I'll have to kill you now."

I found to my surprise that my voice was quite calm. I said: "It won't help you if you do, Roderick. The Inspector knows."

He frowned. "I don't believe you."

"He told me so. He said he was just waiting for information from London to confirm what he knew. And of course there's Roberta."

His face darkened: "Yes, Roberta."

The vivid eyes hooded themselves as he brooded over

Continuing . . . Wildfire at Midnight

[from page 57]

his failure with Roberta. I wondered if he had killed Douglas, or if Douglas, with Nicholas, was still hunting through the mist below us . . . the lovely, safe mist, not many yards below us—

"Don't try to run away," said Roderick. "I'd only have to bring you back again. And don't scream, Janet, because then I'd have to throttle you, and"—he smiled gently at me—"I always cut their throats if I can. It's the best way."

I backed against the cliff of the buttress. It was warm and solid and there were tiny tufts of saxifrage in the clefts under my fingers. Real. Normal. I forced my stiff lips to smile back at Roderick. At all costs I must try to keep him talking. Keep him in this mad, gentle mood.

I must speak smoothly and calmly: if I should panic again, my fear might be the spark that would touch off the crazy train of his murderer's mind.

So I smiled. "Why did you do it at all, Roderick? Why did you kill Heather Macrae?"

He looked at me in surprise. "They wanted it."

"They?"

"The mountains," He made an oddly beautiful gesture. "All these years, these ages, they've waited, dreaming like this, above the clouds, watching over the green life of the valleys. Once, long ago, men paid them worship, lit fires for them, gave them the yearly sacrifice of life, but now"—his voice had an absent, brooding tone—"now they have to take for themselves what they can. A life a year, that's what they need . . . blood and fire, and the May Day sacrifices that men paid them when the world was young and simple and men knew the gods that lived on the mountains."

He looked at me. It was uncanny and horrible to look at someone's familiar face, to listen to someone's familiar voice, and to see a complete

stranger looking out of his eyes.

"She helped me to carry the wood and the peat; together we collected the nine woods and the wild agaric and the oak to make the wildfire. She made the fire for me and then I cut her throat and—"

I had to stop him. I said abruptly: "But why did you kill Marion Bradford?"

His face darkened with anger.

"Those two women! You heard the little one—Roberta—that night. You heard her talking sacrilege, you heard how she chattered of conquering—conquering—these." Again the flowing gesture that embraced the dreaming peaks. "And the other one—Miss

Bradford—she was the same." He laughed suddenly, and sounded all at once perfectly normal and charming.

"It was quite easy. The elder one, that dreadful, stupid woman, she was a little in love with me, I think. She was pleased and flattered when I met them on the mountain and offered to show her the climb across the Sputan Dhu."

"I suppose you thought they were both dead when you left them."

"They should have been," he said. "Wasn't it bad luck?"

"Very," I said dryly. My eyes went past him, scanning the fringes of the mist. No one. Nothing.

He was frowning at a sprig of heather that he had pulled.

"That ledge where you found Roberta," he said. "I'd

been along the thing three times already, but I never went farther than the corner when I saw the ledge was empty. I wanted to find her first, of course."

"Of course." The lark had stopped singing. There was no sound in the blue-and-gold day but the grotesque exchange of our pleasant, polite voices talking about murder.

"But you found her." The cock of his eyebrow was almost whimsical. "And you nearly—oh, so nearly—gave me the chance I wanted, Janet."

I forgot about being calm and quiet. I cried out: "When you sent me to get the flask! You were going to kill her then!"

He nodded. "I was going to kill her then. A little pressure on the throat and—"

"But you came back, Janet."

I licked my lips. "When she opened her eyes," I said

hoarsely. "It was you she saw. You, standing behind me."

"Of course." He laughed. "You thought it was Drury, didn't you? Just as you thought it was Drury who killed Ronald Beagle—"

"Why did you do that?"

He hesitated, and into the blue eyes came a look of naive surprise.

"D'you know, I don't quite know, Janet. I'd hated him for a long time, of course, because I knew that to his mind they were just so many names to be climbed, so many names to be recorded. And then he came among us that night on the mountain, talking so glibly of Everest—Everest conquered, those untouchable snows defiled and trampled, where I had thought no man could ever put his sacrilegious feet—"

A wild note had come into his voice. More quietly he went on. "You said that, Janet, you remember? You spoke like that about it once, and because of that, I thought that I could never hurt you . . . But Beagle—I followed him down the hill. I caught him from behind and killed him . . ."

His eyes met mine ingenuously. "I think," he said, "I must have been a little mad."

I said nothing. I was watching the edge of the mist, where it frothed along the empty mountainside.

"And now," said Roderick, feeling in his coat pocket, "where's my knife?" He patted his coat carefully, as a man does when he is wondering where he has put his pipe. The sun gleamed on his dark-gold hair. "It doesn't seem to be—oh, yes, I remember now. I was sharpening it. I put it down somewhere . . ."

He smiled at me, then he turned and scanned the heather anxiously. "Can you see it, Janet, my dear?"

Little bubbles of hysteria rose in my throat. My fingers dug and scraped at the rock behind me. I stiffened myself with a jerk and flung out an arm.

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Adam and Eve

Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A MAN

WITH my husband I was matching a small piece of a new bedspread to a paint color card.

"Don't you think this goes well with lilac?" I asked, holding up card and sample.

"Yes, it does," my man replied. "Which one is lilac?"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. Ericka Richardt, 110 Gracemere St., Grange, Qld.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

DURING holiday time my wife takes up knitting while I'm driving the car. One day she forgot to take her work and said: "I wish I'd brought my knitting."

"I think you've done enough for one holiday," I replied.

"Oh," she answered, "I don't want to knit, I want a needle to scratch my back."

£2/2/- awarded to Mr. T. R. Robinson, 18 Selwood St., Hawthorn East, Vic.

Send your entries to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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pointing at the ground beyond him.

"There, Roderick! There it is!"

He swung round, peering.

I couldn't get past him, down into the mist. I had to go up.

I went up the end of that buttress like a cat, like a lizard, finding holds where no holds were, gripping the rough rock with stockinged feet and fingers which seemed endowed with miraculous, prehensile strength.

I heard him shout "Janet!" and the sound acted like the crack of a whip on a bolting horse. I went up ten feet of rock in one incredible, swarming scramble, to haul myself, spreadeagled, on to the flat crest of the buttress.

The enormous wing of rock soared in front of me up to the high crags. Its top was, perhaps, eight feet wide, and strode upwards at a dizzy angle in giant steps and serrations like an enormous ruined staircase.

I had landed somehow on the lowest tread, and I flung myself frantically at the face of the next step just as the ring of boots on rock told me that he had started after me.

How I got up what seemed to be twenty feet of perpendicular rock I do not know.

But my mad impetus still drove me, holding me against the cliff, clamping my hands instinctively into crannies, bracing my feet against juts of safe rock, propelling me upwards as thoughtlessly and as safely as if I were a fly walking up a wall.

With a heave and a jerk I dragged myself on to the wider ledge that marked the second step. And, inexorably, the next perpendicular barred my way, this time gashed from summit to foot by a vertical crack or chimney.

I flew at this, only to be brought up short as I saw that the rock on which I stood was a stack, a chunk split off the main buttress, and between me and the next upright there yawned a gap which dropped sheer away to the level of the scree.

The gap was perhaps four feet wide, no more. And at the other side, on one wall of the chimney, was a smallish, triangular ledge, above which a deep crevice held a slash of shadow.

There was my handhold, there the ledge for my feet, if I could only get across that dreadful gap. . . . But I was nearly foundered, and I knew it. My breath was coming in painful gasps: I had knocked one of my feet; my hands were bleeding.

I hesitated there on the brink of the split in the rock. Then I heard the rattle of pebbles behind me—close behind. I turned, a terrified thing at bay, my eyes desperately searching for another way off the top of the stack. To left, to right, a sheer drop of thirty feet to the scree. Before me, the chasm.

A hand swung up over the edge of the platform where I stood. A dark-gold head rose after it. Mad blue eyes, rinsed of all humanity, stared into mine.

TURNING, I leaped the gap without a second's thought. I landed on the little ledge. My knee bumped rock, but I hardly felt it as my hands, clawing wildly, found a safe anchorage in the crevice above. Then my knee was in the crevice.

With a heave and a wriggle I pulled my body up to it and was in the chimney, which was narrow enough to let me wedge myself against one side of it while I sought for holds in the other. I swarmed up it like a chimney-boy whose master had lit a fire beneath him.

Then my hand slid into a deep grip; I braced myself and with one last heave, one final convulsion, dragged myself out of the chimney and on to a

Continuing . . . Wildfire at Midnight

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deep ledge sheltered by an overhang.

And this time I was cornered. I knew it. Even if I could have climbed the overhang that bulged above me, the impulse had given out; nature had swung back on me. I was finished. And the place where I now found myself was no more than a ledge of rock some four feet by ten, piled with small boulders and blazing with bell-heather.

I crouched among the scented flowers and peered down.

Roderick was standing twenty feet below me at the edge of the gap, his convulsed face lifted to mine. His breathing was ragged and horrible. I saw the sweat gleaming on his flushed cheekbones and on the knuckles of his hand in which he held the knife.

I screamed then. The sound splintered against the rocks into a million jarring, tearing echoes that ripped the silence of the afternoon into tatters. The raven swept out from high above me with a frightened bark.

Something flashed past my cheek with the whistle of a whip-lash. The wind of it seared my face. Roderick's knife struck the cliff behind me and shattered into a hundred little tinkling notes that were whirled into the bellow of the echo as I screamed again.

The empty rock flung my terror back at me, hollow, reverberating. The raven swung up, yelling, into the empty blue air. Away to the west, in the greater emptiness, the Cuillin dreamed on indifferently. I crouched in my eyrie high above the sea of cloud, an insignificant insect clinging to a crack in a wall.

Roderick swore harshly below me, and his now empty hands lifted, the fingers crooked like claws.

"I'm coming up," he said on a savage breathless note, and I saw his knees flex for the leap across the gap.

My fingers scrambled at the heather, caught up a big jagged rock, and held it poised on the brink of the ledge.

"Keep off!" My voice was a croak. "Stay where you are or I'll smash your head in!"

He glanced up again, and I saw him recoil half a pace. Then he laughed, and with the laugh the whole situation split up and reformed into a yet crazier pattern, for the laughter was genuine and full of amusement. From the face he lifted to me all the savagery had been wiped clean; it held the familiar gaiety and charm, and—yes, affection.

He said ruefully: "I broke my knife, Janet. Let me come up."

I held on to the rags of my own sanity. "No! Stay where you are or I'll throw this down on you!"

He shook the hair out of his eyes. "You wouldn't do a thing like that, Janet, darling," he said, and leaped the gap like a deer.

Then he was standing on the little triangular ledge below me, one hand locked in the crevice. I saw his muscles tense as he prepared to heave himself up the chimney after me.

His head was back; his blue eyes held mine.

"You couldn't do a thing like that, could you?" he said.

And all at once, I couldn't. My fingers clutched the jagged boulder. I lifted it, ready to heave it down. . . . but something held me. . . . the imagined impact of rock on flesh, the smashing of bone and eyes and hair into a splintered nothing.

I couldn't do it. I turned, sick and dizzy, and the rock slipped from my hands back on to the ledge among the flowers.

"No," I said, and I put out both my hands as if to ward off the sight of the violence I could not do. "No—I can't."

He laughed again, and I saw the knuckles of his left hand whiten for the upward pull. Then something smashed into the rock not six inches from his head. The report of the gun slammed against the echoing mountain with a roar like an express bursting from a tunnel.

"Don't worry, Gianetta, you'll be all right," called Nicholas grimly, and fired again.

ONLY then did I become aware that a little way to the north the edge of the mist was broken and swirling at last as men thrust out of it and began to race along the hillside—the Inspector, Hecky, Neill, and Jamesy Farlane, all making at the double for the foot of the stack.

Nicholas, well ahead of them, had already reached the base of the buttress. The slam of his second shot tore the echoes

buttress and turn downhill. He was making for the mist, with that swift, leaping stride of his, and I heard the Inspector curse as he, too, started to run downhill.

But Nicholas had moved faster. He must have heard Roderick jump down on to the scree, for only a few seconds after the latter began his dash for the shelter of the mist, Nicholas had turned and started down the north side of the buttress.

From my dizzy eyrie I could see them both. To that incredible day the race provided as fantastic a climax as could well be imagined. There was the great dyke, swooping down the side of the mountain to lose itself in the sea of fog; and there, on either side of it, ran hunter and hunted, law and outlaw, slithering, leaping, glissading down the breakneck scree in a last mad duel of speed.

Once Roderick slipped and fell to one knee, saving himself with his hands. Nicholas gained four long strides before he was up again and hurtling downhill, unhurt, to gain the shelter of the mist.

Not far to go now . . . thirty

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



apart, and now the rock by Roderick's hand splintered into fragments. I heard the whine of a ricocheting bullet, and I saw Roderick flinch and momentarily freeze against the rock.

The other men, running at a dangerous pace along the scree, had almost come up with Nicholas. I heard the Inspector shout something.

Roderick half turned on his little ledge, braced himself for an instant, then flung himself, from a stand, back across the gap between the ledge and the stack. The nails of his boots ripped screaming along the rocky platform, then they gripped. In the same moment I heard the scrape and clink of boots as the pursuers, spreading out, started to climb the north face of the buttress.

Roderick paused for an instant, balanced, as it were, in mid-flight on the top of the stack. The sun glinted on his gold hair as he glanced quickly this way, that way. . . . Then he leaped for the south side of the stack, swung himself over, and disappeared from view.

Someone yelled. Hecky was half up a lower step of the buttress and had seen him. I saw him cling and point, shouting, before he addressed himself even more desperately to the cliff.

But Roderick had a good start, and he climbed like a chamois. In less time than it takes to tell I saw him dart out on the scree south of the

yards, twenty . . . the buttress had dwindled between them to a ridge, a low wall. . . . then Roderick saw Nicholas and swerved, heading for safety at an angle away from him.

I saw Nicholas thrust out a foot and brake to a slithering ski-turn in a flurry of loose shale. Something gleamed in his hand.

The Inspector's yell came from somewhere out of sight below me. "Don't use that gun!"

The gun flashed down into the heather as Nicholas put a hand to the low dyke and vaulted it. Roderick gave one quick glance over his shoulder, and in three great bounds reached the margin of the mist. It swirled and broke around his bolting form, then swallowed him into invisibility.

Twenty seconds later the same patch swayed and broke as Nicholas thrust into it and vanished.

Then all around me the cliffs and the clear blue air swung and swayed, dissolving like the mist itself. The scent of the heather enveloped me, sickening-sweet as the fumes of ether, and the sunlight whirled into a million spinning flecks of light, a vortex into which, helpless, I was being sucked.

An eddy, a whirlpool. . . . and I was in it. I was as light as a cork, as light as a feather, as insubstantial as blown dust. . . .

Then out of the spinning chaos came Inspector Mackenzie's voice, calm, matter-of-fact, and quite near at hand.

He said: "Wake up, lassie, it's time we got you down from there."

I found that my hands were pressed to my eyes. I took them away and the boiling light slowly cleared. The world swung back into place and I looked down.

Inspector Mackenzie was on the top of the stack, standing where Roderick had stood, and Jamesy Farlane was with him. "How in the world did you get up there, anyway?"

"I don't remember," I said truthfully. I sat there on my cushion of heather and looked down at the two men, feeling suddenly absurd. "I—I can't get down, Inspector."

He was brisk. "Well, lassie, you'll have to be fetched. Stay where you are."

The pair of them became busy with ropes, and then Jamesy approached my cliff. He got across the gap with ludicrous ease and paused there, examining the chimney.

The Inspector, I saw, was looking back over his shoulder.

"Nicholas—" I said hoarsely, but he cut me short.

"Hoots awa' wi' ye!"—it was the one conventionally Scottish expression that I ever heard him use—"don't worry about that. Hecky and Neill both went after him, as you'd have seen if you hadn't been so busy fainting. Your man's safe enough, my dear."

And even as he finished speaking I saw Nicholas come slowly up out of the mist. He moved stiffly, like a very tired man, but he seemed to be unhurt. He raised his head and looked up towards us, then quickened his pace, lifting a hand in some sort of gesture which I could not interpret but which seemed to satisfy the Inspector, for he grunted and gave a little nod as he turned back to watch Jamesy's progress.

I cannot pretend that I was anything but an appalling nuisance to poor Jamesy, when at last he appeared beside me on the ledge with a rope and attempted to show me how to descend from my eyrie.

In fact, I can't now remember how this descent was eventually accomplished. I remember his tying the rope round me and passing it round his own body and round a spike of rock; I also remember a calming flood of instructions being poured over my head as I started my climb, but whether I obeyed them or not I have no idea. I suspect not; in fact, I think that for the main part of the descent he had to lower me, helplessly swinging, on the end of the rope.

And since I could not possibly have jumped the gap to the stack, Jamesy lowered me straight down the other thirty feet or so into the bottom of the cleft itself. I remember the sudden chill that struck me as I passed from the sunlit chimney into the shadow of the narrow gully.

Then my feet touched the scree and at the same moment someone took hold of me and held me hard.

I said: "Oh, Nicholas—" and everything slid away from me again into a spinning, sun-shot oblivion.

When Nicholas dived into the pool of mist after Roderick, he was not much more than twenty yards behind him, and though the mist was still thick enough to be blinding, he could hear the noise of his flight quite distinctly.

It is probable that Roderick still believed Nicholas to have a gun, while he himself, having lost his knife, was unarmed; he may, too, have heard Neill and Hecky thudding down the hillside in Nicholas' wake; or he may simply have given way at last to panic and, once running, have been unable to stop.

At any rate, he made no attempt to attack his pursuer, but fled ahead of him through the fog, until at length they

reached the level turf of the glen.

Here going was easier, but soon Nicholas realised he was rapidly overhauling his quarry. Roderick, it will be remembered, had already had to exert himself considerably that afternoon, and now he flagged quickly; the panic impulse gave out and robbed him of momentum.

Nicholas was closing in, fifteen yards, ten, seven . . . as the gap closed, panic supervened again, and Roderick turned and sprang at his pursuer out of the fog.

It was a sharp, nasty little struggle, no holds barred. It was also not quite equal, for whereas Nicholas had only, so to speak, a mandate to stop the murderer getting away, the murderer wanted quite simply to kill his pursuer if possible.

How it would have ended is hard to guess, but Neill and Hecky, guided by the sounds of the struggle, arrived in a very short while, and Roderick, fighting literally like a madman, was overpowered. When Dougal Macrae, still breathing fire and slaughter, suddenly materialised out of the fog as well, the thing was over. Roderick, unresisting now, was taken by the three men back to the hotel, where he would be held until transport arrived. Nicholas, breathing hard and dabbing at a cut on his cheek, watched the mist close round then, then he turned and made his way back up the hillside into the sun.

SO much I had learned, sitting beside Nicholas on the heather at the foot of the buttress, with my back against its warm flank. I had been fortified with whisky and a cigarette and was content for the moment to rest there in the sun before attempting to tramp back to the hotel.

The Inspector, it appeared, was to set off immediately with his prisoner for Inverness. He paused before us as he turned to go.

"Are you sure you're all right, lassie?"

"Quite, thank you," I said, and smiled at him through the smoke of my cigarette.

He glanced from me to Nicholas and back again. "It seems I was wrong," he said dryly.

"What d'you mean?"

"In thinking you were withholding evidence that mattered."

I felt myself flushing. "What did you imagine I knew that I hadn't told you?"

"I thought you'd recognised the man you saw in front of the bonfire."

"Oh, No, I hadn't. I hadn't, really."

"I believe you. . . . But his glance was speculative, and I felt the flush deepen. "Even so, I could almost have sworn you were lying just then about something."

"I was," I said, "but not about that. It was something I heard, not something I saw."

His gaze flicked to Nicholas once more and he smiled.

"Ah," he said. "Just so. Well, I'll be away. I'm glad to be leaving you in such good hands. Take care of her, sir. She's had a rough time."

"I will," said Nicholas.

"One thing"—Inspector Mackenzie regarded him with some severity—"you have, of course, got a licence for your gun?"

"Gun?" said Nicholas blankly. "What gun?"

The Inspector nodded. "I thought as much," he said dryly. "Well, see you get one."

And with another nod he turned and was presently swallowed up in the mist.

And we were alone on the mountainside, islanded in the pool of mist, where, on every hand in the golden distance,

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* with Exclusive double-stretch hose and swivel top that gives you miracle round-the-room cleaning

You have to see this beautiful new Hoover in action to believe it. Pick up the Constellation's amazingly light and flexible hose; see how it stretches . . . five, ten, almost fifteen feet. Imagine walking freely round your own living room, cleaning every nook and cranny without having to move the canister. No more dragging and pulling, bumping and scratching furniture! About all that's needed is a hand to guide it.

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No dust is too deeply embedded for the Constellation's powerful suction. Not only dirt and grit, but threads and fluff are cleaned away efficiently and easily.

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You simply flip open the canister, slide out the dust-proof paper container and throw it away. No dirt to touch — no dirt to see! Of course, you may re-use the bag if you like — but it's such a big one that you only need to empty it every month or so.

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Exclusive nozzle takes fewer strokes, means more thorough cleaning, because suction is effective right across the nozzle. Swivelling carpet nozzle, with brush that drops into position to pick up stubborn thread, swoops under beds and low-slung furniture with ease.



Magic Suction Wand cleans high, cleans low — and never, never comes apart in use. Every joint is leak-proof, with full suction power to move tight-clinging dust from skirting boards, walls, curtains and lampshades.



Cleaning Tools that Can't Scratch Furniture are finished with pliable plastic. Simplicity itself to fit and remove, they pack tidily into a neat container that you may hang on the wall.

Out of this World
in value only **40** Gns.

including
cleaning tools.
Easy Terms,
of course.

HC34.WWFFs

the mountain-tops drifted, drowsing in their own balcyon dreams. Sweet and pungent, the honey-smells of rock-rose and heather thickened round us in the heat, and once more the lark launched himself into the upper sky on a wake of bubble-silver song.

I drew a little sigh and settled my shoulders gratefully against the warm rock.

"It's all over," I said. "I can hardly believe it, but it's all over."

"Gianetta, you had me worried!" said Nicholas. "I knew Grant had gone out, but the Inspector had put Neill on to watch him, and then when the mist dropped like that all in a moment and Neill came back and said he'd lost his man..." He glanced briefly down at me.

"I knew where you and Douglas were fishing, so I made up-river as fast as I could. The police turned straight out after Grant. Then I heard a yell from Douglas and you screamed, and I ran like blazes. I found your fishing-rods, but you'd gone, so I started hunting you. I went across the bog—"

"I know. I heard you. I was hiding quite near."

"Silly little devil."

"Well, I was scared; I thought you were the murderer—and you didn't help by whispering my name in that blood-curdling way."

He laughed ruefully. "I'm sorry. But I knew Grant might be nearer you than I was, and if you'd called out from too far away he might have reached you first. No, I wanted to get you safe under my wing, and then—"

"So you knew it was Roderrick?"

He glanced down sideways at me. "Then, yes. I'd been wondering about him for quite some time and so had Inspector Mackenzie, but there was no proof."

"What was the information he was waiting for from London?" Or—no, you'd better start at the beginning, Nicholas. Tell me—"

That is the beginning. The information that came today is

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really the beginning of the story. It concerns Roderrick Grant's family. Did you know his father was a minister?"

"He told me a little bit about it. I felt rather sorry for him, a lonely little boy all by himself at the back of the north wind—that was what he called his home."

"It's not a bad description, either. I've been through Auchlechtrie: it's a tiny hamlet of a dozen cottages in a valley near Bheinn a' Bhuird. The manse, where the Grants lived, was four miles even from the village, up beside the ruins of the old church and its primitive graveyard. The new church had been built down in the village itself, but the minister's house had no one for neighbor except that little square of turf, walled off from the heather, and filled with crumbling headstones and mounds covered with ivy and brambles and old, split yews deformed by the wind."

"And he told me he lived alone with his father."

"So he did. His mother died when he was born and his grandmother, his father's mother, brought him up till he was nine. Then she died—in an asylum."

"Oh, Nicholas, how dreadful. So his father—his father's family—"

"Exactly. His father had always been the stern, unbending, austere kind of godly Presbyterian that used to be common in fiction and, possibly, even in fact. In him the taint showed itself at first only in an increasing remoteness and austerity, a passionate absorption in his studies of the past which gradually took complete possession of him and became more real than the real life round him—if you can apply the term 'real life' to that tiny hamlet five miles down the empty glen."

Nicholas went on: "The history of the long-dead bones in that long-dead graveyard became, year by year, the only

thing that meant anything to him. And the little boy only mattered as being someone to whom he could pour out his half-learned, half-crank theories about the ancient customs and legends of the Highlands."

"Roderick told me that he learned to worship the mountains," I said. "I never guessed he meant it literally."

"But he did, quite literally. He must have spent a large part of his childhood listening to his father's stories and theories, imbibing his mad, garbled versions of the old folk-customs of the North, the sort of half-connected, inaccurate rubbish you said he was telling you today. He must have built, bit by bit in his crazed mind, a new sort of mythology for himself, of which the so-called 'ritual' murder of Heather Macrae was a concrete example; a jumble of facts from books and from his father's researches, half-remembered, distorted bits of folk-lore that shook together like glass in a kaleidoscope and made a picture of violence that seemed, to a madman's brain, to be quite logical."

"I know. I found some of the bits in 'The Golden Bough'."

"Oh, yes, my 'Golden Bough'! The Inspector told me you had it. I was looking all over the place for it last night. I thought I'd left it in my car."

"I'd taken it to read, quite by accident."

I told him about it. He glanced down at me with an enigmatic expression.

"So you handed it to the Inspector. If you'd known it was mine—"

"But I did. There was an envelope in it addressed to you in Daddy's writing. I have it in my pocket."

"Have you indeed?" I could feel his eyes on me still, but I would not meet them. "Why didn't you give that to

the Inspector if you knew the book was mine?"

"I—I don't know."

The lark was descending now, in lovely little curves of sound. "How did Daddy know you were here, anyway?"

"What?" He sounded oddly disconcerted. "Oh, I wrote to him and asked him to lend me his copy of the book. There was no one in my flat, so I couldn't send for my own copy. You see, Grant had made one or two remarks that had made me wonder about him—queer little mis-statements and inaccuracies that sounded like half-remembered quotations from Frazer and the older books that were Frazer's sources. And when I saw how some of Frazer's details checked with poor Heather Macrae's May Day sacrifice—"

"May Day?"

"May the thirteenth is May Day, according to the old calendar. Ancient lore again, you see. Oh, everything fitted, even though it did so in a queer, mad way. So, of course, I showed the book to Inspector Mackenzie."

"You did what?" I exclaimed. "When was this?"

"Last week."

"Then he knew the book was yours!"

"Of course."

"Then why—?" A memory flashed back at me, of the Inspector's kind, compassionate gaze. "Did he never suspect you, Nicholas?"

"He may have done to begin with, and, of course, even after I turned up the evidence of 'The Golden Bough' he may have kept me under suspicion, along with Hubert Hay, since we two, as well as Grant, have made some sort of study of local folk-lore. But Hay had an alibi—with you—for Marion's murder, while I, if you discount the intolerable possibilities of bluff and double-bluff, had indicated my innocence by

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Fashion FROCKS

Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.



Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"RHONDA."—American-styled blouse made in sanforised poplin. The color choice includes white, black, ming-blue, tangerine, red, and lipstick.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 72/6, 36 and 38in. bust, 76/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 42/6, 36 and 38in. bust 44/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

"JANET."—Smartly styled, four-gored skirt in crease-resisting cotton sundek. The color choice includes ash-grey, navy-blue, junior-navy, beige, and azalea. A narrow black patent belt is included with each order.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist 95/9. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

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cleans twice as easy, twice as fast!

No other cleanser cuts grease so fast!



Greasy pans come shining clean with half the rubbing! Miracle "foaming action" dissolves grease fast, floats it away down the drain. And AJAX leaves no scum!

No other cleanser polishes so bright, so fast!



AJAX actually polishes as it cleans—makes pots, sinks, cookers, everything, shine brighter than ever. AJAX floats away every trace of grease and dirt—in half the time!

YOU CAN PROVE IT YOURSELF



★ AJAX IS GUARANTEED

Use AJAX on a portion of any grimy, greasy, porcelain or enamel surface. Use any other cleanser on another portion—if you don't find AJAX better, return the partly empty can to Colgate-Palmolive, Sydney, and your money will be refunded.

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FLOATS DIRT, GREASE and STAIN RIGHT DOWN THE DRAIN

BUY THE LARGE KING SIZE AND SAVE MONEY



No other cleanser keeps porcelain so white—because only AJAX contains BLEACH

No other cleanser can make your sinks and tubs so brilliantly white and bright—tea stains, fruit stains, coffee stains, rust—"foaming action" AJAX floats them down the drain!

- ★ AJAX sells more in America than all other brands combined.
- ★ AJAX is gentle to lovely hands.
- ★ AJAX smells good, too.

Continuing . . . Wildfire at Midnight

from page 61

giving evidence to the police. Which left Grant.

"Then why," I said again, "was the Inspector so—so kind and so sorry for me this morning? He talked about loyalties, and—"

"And you thought he was warning you that I was guilty? Why should you assume that your loyalty should be directed towards me, Gianetta?"

Abruptly, between one wing-beat and the next, the lark's song ceased. He shut his wings and dropped like a flake of shadow into the heather.

I said stupidly: "D'you mean he thought it was Roderick I saw by the bonfire?"

"Of course. He thought you were falling for Roderick Grant. That was my fault, I'm afraid; I'd told him so—on very little evidence except that Grant, in his own way, was quite patently interested in you."

I was stupefied. "You told the Inspector that I was in love with Roderick Grant?"

"I did, more or less. Sorry, Gianetta. Sheer dog-in-the-manger stuff. Jealousy exaggerates, you know."

I let that one pass. After a moment he went on: "The Inspector could only take my word for it, and when you seemed to be protecting Grant he thought you suspected him yourself but hesitated to give him away."

"But that's absurd! Of course I was never in love with him! I liked him, yes. I thought he was very charming—but in love!" I spoke hotly, indignantly. "It's fantastic nonsense!"

"Why?" The question was bland as cream.

"Why? Because—" I stopped short and bit my lip. I felt the color flooding my cheeks and shot a quick glance at him.

His eyes, narrowed against the smoke from his cigarette, were fixed dreamily, almost inattentively, on the long, glimmering verge of the mist, where it lay along the far sea's edge. But there was a smile touching the corner of his mouth.

I said hurriedly: "But when did the Inspector finally fix on Roderick? Surely the others at the hotel were suspect, too?"

"Of course. Any of the other men—Braine, Corrigan, Persimmon, Beagle—could have had an unconfessed interest in folk-lore, but Marion's murder, remember, narrowed the field down sharply, since it demanded that the murderer also be an efficient climber. And soon afterwards the only climber of the group—poor Beagle—was murdered, too."

"Which leaves us with Roderick again."

"As you say. When the Inspector came over yesterday morning he found Roderick, so to speak, leading the field and hardly anyone else running, but still without a thing that could be pinned on him. Then you found Roberta, and he might have got his proof, but he didn't dare wait much longer for her to open her mouth. He put another hurried call through to London for any information about Grant that they could rake up. He was going to risk pulling him in on suspicion if he got anything from them that could justify him. But nothing came through till this morning."

"The fact that his grandmother had died insane? Was that enough?"

"It wasn't all," said Nicholas soberly. "His father died in a mental home two years ago."

"Oh!"

"Quite enough," said Nicholas grimly, "to warrant his being detained—got somehow out of circulation till Roberta could talk. But it was too late. That infernal fog came down like a curtain and Grant gave Nell the slip and went out looking for you." His arm, somehow, was round my shoulders.

"Little fool," he said angrily, his mouth against my hair.

"DOUGAL and I'd have been all right if the mist hadn't come down," I said defensively. "Nicholas, tell me something."

"Yes?"

"Dougal—he had a knife. I saw it. Did he—down there when you caught Roderick—he didn't—hurt him?"

His arm tightened as if in protection.

"No," he said soberly. "He came up spitting fire and brimstone and revenge, poor devil, but he shut up as soon as he saw Grant."

"Why?"

"Grant collapsed. When I caught him first, he fought like a wildcat, but when Dougal got there as well and he saw it was hopeless, he just seemed to deflate. To break. He went suddenly quite helpless and gentle, and—I can't describe it, quite. It was rather beastly. He seemed to change character all in an instant."

"He did it with me."

"Did he? Then you'll know just how unspeakable it was. I'd just hit him on the jaw, and then there he was smiling at me like a nice child and wiping the blood away."

"Don't think about it, Nicholas. He wouldn't remember you'd just hit him."

"I suppose not. He just smiled at all of us. That was when Dougal put his knife away and took him by the arm and said 'Come on, laddie. Ye'd best be getting back out of the fog . . .'" He went quite happily with the three of them.

He dragged at his cigarette. "After they'd gone a little way off into the fog I heard him singing."

"Singing?" I stared at him.

"Well, crooning a tune half to himself." His eyes met mine. "I to the hills will lift mine eyes, From whence doth come mine aid . . ."

He looked away. "Poor devil—Poor crazy devil . . ."

I said swiftly: "They'll never hang him, Nicholas."

"No."

He ground out his cigarette on a stone and pitched it away as if with it he could extinguish and discard the memory of that nasty little scene. Then he turned his head again and his voice changed abruptly.

"You saw me with Marcia Maling, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"I heard you go past us when she—when we were kissing outside her room."

"You heard me? But I hardly made a sound."

He smiled crookedly. "My dear girl, my instincts work overtime where you're concerned. Even in the dark, and when I'm kissing another woman."

"Perhaps even more when you're kissing another woman."

I said dryly, and got a wry look from him.

"I suppose I deserve that one. But this time I promise you I was more kissed against than kissing."

"All night?" I said.

His brows shot up. "What the devil d'you mean?"

I told him how I had heard a man's voice in her room later that night. "So of course I assumed it was you. And when I asked you next morning—"

"I—see. I thought you were just referring to the kiss you'd seen. No, Gianetta, I did not spend the night with her. I merely got—how shall I put it?—momentarily waylaid through no intention of my own."

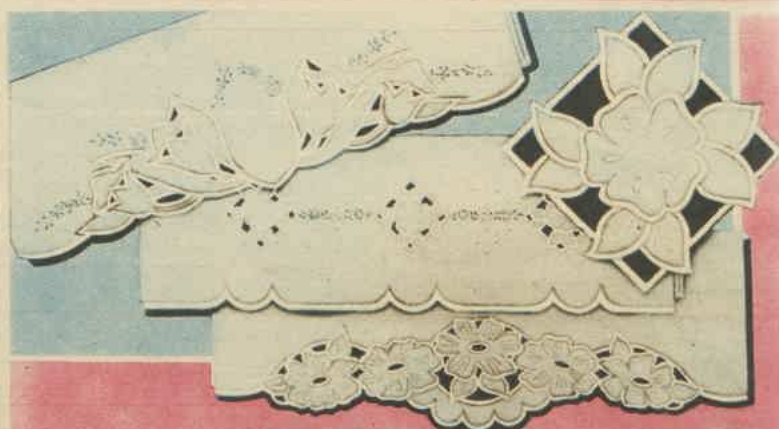
"I'm sure you struggled madly."

He grinned and said nothing.

"I suppose the man in her room was Hartley Corrigan? Oh, yes, I see! That was why he came home early from fishing that night, and yet Alma

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Embroidery transfer



PRETTY FLORAL MOTIFS are featured on embroidery transfer No. 180. Simple in design, these motifs are suitable for cut-work embroidery on pillow-cases, sheets, guest towels, and duchesse sets. Stitch them in white or pastels for a pretty effect. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/6.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 6, 1957

Corrigan said he didn't get to bed till three!

"I think so. And when she realised what had happened, she took her lipstick and murdered Marcia's doll with it."

"Poor Alma."

"Yes. Well, it's over for her, too. I rather think they've both had a fright and they realise that they do matter to each other after all. . . . He paused for a moment, looking down at me under lowered brows.

"And now," he said in a totally different voice, "shall we talk about us?"

I did not reply. My heart was beating lightly and rapidly somewhere up in my throat, and I could not trust my voice. I could feel his eyes on me again, and when he spoke, he did so slowly and deliberately, as if with some difficulty.

He said: "I'm not going to begin with apologies and self-shame, though you have plenty to forgive me for, and I don't really know why you have apparently forgiven me. I'll say all that to you later on. No, don't speak. Let me finish. . . . What I want to say to you now is quite simple, and it's all that matters in the world to me. I want you back, Gianetta. I must have you back. I suppose I knew I'd been a fool—a criminal, brutal fool—about two days after you'd gone, and then my pride stepped in and stopped me coming after you."

I remembered how I had told Alma Corrigan that there was no room for pride in marriage. His next words were almost an echo; almost.

He said: "But pride and love won't go together, Gianetta. I discovered that. And I do love you, my darling; I don't think I ever stopped." He took me gently by the shoulders, and turned me so that I had to face him. "Will you have me back, Gianetta? Please?"

"I never did have any pride where you were concerned, Nicholas," I said, and kissed him.

Later—a long time later—he said, rather shakily: "Are

you sure? Are you sure, my darling?"

"Quite sure." The words were decided enough, but my voice was as uncertain as his. I added, foolishly: "Darling Nicholas."

"Gianetta mia. . . ."

Later—a rather longer time later—he held me away from him, and laughed.

"At least, this time, there's no doubting the solid worth of my affections!"

"Why not?"

He looked down at me with the old, mocking look. "If you could see yourself, my Lady Greensleeves, you wouldn't ask me that! . . . No, don't try to tidy yourself up; it couldn't be done, and in any case I like you dirty, wet, and semi-ragged. I want to concentrate on your beautiful soul."

"So I noticed."

He grinned, and his arm tightened round my shoulders.

"It wasn't just coincidence that I met you here, you know."

"Wasn't it? But how—?"

Swift-moving new serial by popular author

TOP-RANKING English author Edith Pargeter has written our new three-part serial, "A Lift Into Colmar," which begins next week.

Noted for the literary quality of her work, and regarded as one of today's most perceptive women authors, Edith Pargeter brings a lighter touch than usual to this exciting and very attractive adventure-romance.

Attempting to shake off the attentions of his young admirer, Hilary Prescott, Jonathan Craig takes his car across to France, intending a leisurely motor tour, but Hilary follows with her own high-powered sports car. Again trying to elude her, Jonathan gives an unknown French girl a lift into the town of Colmar—and lands both himself and his youthful admirer into a drama that quickly assumes a nightmare quality.

Packed with tension and unfolded at a rate that will keep readers' interest at high pitch, "A Lift Into Colmar" combines a delightful double romance with the colorful background of the French countryside, its small villages and cafes.

Watch for the exciting opening instalment of "A Lift Into Colmar" in next week's issue.

Continuing . . . Wildfire at Midnight

(from page 62)

"Your father," he said succinctly.

"D'you mean to tell me—?"

He nodded, still grinning.

"I got into touch with your people again some time ago. As you know, the divorce upset them very much, and they were only too anxious to help me put things straight." He smiled down at me.

"Poor Gianetta, you didn't stand much chance. Your father told me flatly that you'd never be happy without me, and your mother—well, I don't think she ever has quite grasped the fact that we were divorced, has she?"

"No. For mother, divorce just doesn't exist."

"That's what I understood. Well, I was here at the beginning of May, and I happened to write to your father from this address, to ask him about 'The Golden Bough.' A little later I rang up—I was at Ar-

madale then—and he told me you were due for a holiday, and that he'd contrived—

"Contrived!" I said dazedly. I began to laugh. "The—the old Machiavelli! And Mother said it must have been 'meant'!"

"It was meant, all right," said Nicholas grimly. "I thought that all I needed was a chance really to talk to you. . . ."

"You came—and I couldn't get near you. . . ."

He gave a bitter little laugh.

"So of course I behaved just about as badly as I could. I said some pretty filthy things to you, didn't I? I've no excuse, except that I thought I'd go crazy, being so near you, and having no—no claim. Somehow the biggest shock to my egoism was when I found you'd even discarded my name, and my ring."

"I only dropped them when I saw your name on the register. Look."

I held out my left hand. The white circle on the third finger stood out sharp and clear against the tan.

The lark had left his nest again, and was bubbling up through the clear air. I touched Nicholas' hand softly. "Just don't—don't ever leave me again, Nicholas. I don't think I could bear it."

His arms tightened. He said, almost with ferocity, "No, Gianetta, never again."

The lark rocked, feather-light, snowflake-light, on the crystal bubbles of his song. The great hills drowsed, drifting head under wing in the luminous haze.

I stirred in his arms and drew a little breath of pure happiness.

"What d'you bet," I said, "that when we arrive at Tench Abbas, Mother'll meet us just as if nothing had ever happened, and serenely show us both into the spare room?"

"Then we'd better be married again before we get there," said Nicholas, "or I won't answer for the consequences."

And so we were.

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Take DeWitt's Pills TONIGHT and see results TOMORROW

No waiting . . . no imagining relief. You actually have visual proof that DeWitt's Pills are doing their wonderful work within twenty-four hours of taking the first dose. That is because the world-famous DeWitt's formula strikes immediately at the cause of most rheumatic ailments—faulty kidneys.

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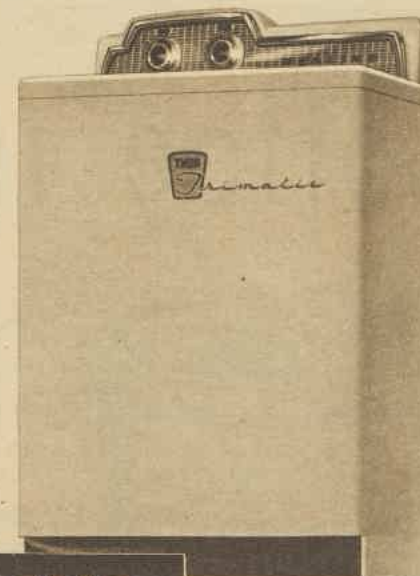
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Lovely hands, lots of leisure, belong to the woman who owns a Healing Tri-matic Thor Washer. Washing, rinsing and spin-drying are just a matter of setting two simple little knobs. With Thor surgent washing, sudsy water—not mechanical beating—loosens dirt. The heaviest woollens and lightest lingerie are washed thoroughly but safely. Buttons and bows, belts and laces, are safe. Take your soiled clothes to your Healing dealer and have a true washing demonstration of the whisper-smooth Thor. Famous in 69 countries.



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149 gns.
LOW DEPOSIT
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AFTER-DINNER COFFEE

After-dinner coffee is customarily served black, but when it comes to **creamed coffee** (a favourite with us all!) then "cream" it with Ideal Evaporated Milk. Nescafé with Ideal makes the richest, **creamiest** coffee imaginable.

EXTRA SPECIAL DEMI-TASSE

For After-Dinner Coffee with a "twist," Emily Post suggests that you add to each cup one teaspoon of orange juice and a twist of orange rind. If desired, serve with brandy.

Coffee in the Living Room



Whether you dine formally or informally—whether you're entertaining guests or it's just a family affair . . . it's always more pleasant to enjoy your after-dinner coffee in the comfort of your living room. And, as every good hostess knows, the coffee to serve is Nescafé. Nescafé makes perfect coffee—100% pure coffee of roaster-fresh flavour and aroma. Yet it's no trouble at all to make. There's no brewing, no straining, no fuss. To-night and every night, enjoy Nescafé in your living room.



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SAVORY TOMATOES

Debbie, our teenage chef, shows step by step, below, how to prepare and cook her favorite luncheon dish, savory tomatoes.

VARY the ingredients for the filling if liked, but choose firm, smooth tomatoes for a perfect result.

All spoon measurements are level.

SAVORY TOMATOES

Six large tomatoes, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced cooked meat, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, little grated nutmeg, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon butter, 6 slices or rounds fried bread, parsley.

Cut tops off tomatoes and scoop out centre pulp. Drain off excessive juice. Mix together meat, chopped eggs, cheese, parsley, and breadcrumbs, and moisten with tomato pulp. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Fill into tomato cases, and place a small piece of butter on each. Sprinkle with extra breadcrumbs, bake on a greased tin for 15 to 20 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve piping-hot on slices of fried bread garnished with a sprig of parsley.



CUT A $\frac{1}{2}$ -INCH SLICE off the top of each tomato with a serrated-edged knife. Scoop the soft pulp from the centre with a teaspoon and turn the tomato cases upside down to drain out the excessive juice.



PREPARE FILLING by combining the finely chopped hard-boiled egg with the breadcrumbs, chopped parsley, minced meat, and grated cheese. Add to tomato pulp and season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg.



PILE filling mixture into tomatoes, being careful not to split the sides of the cases. Place on a greased scone-tray or shallow cake-tin.



DOT SMALL quantity of butter on top of each tomato and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.



USE a large-sized scone-cutter for cutting the rounds of bread. Deep fry to a golden brown, drain well, and serve under tomatoes.

NEW
MAGIC!

3 minute
eggs
for DAD

"Softly
done"
for MUM

"In-between" for
the KIDS

Automatically cooks
eggs the same every
time... whichever way
you like them.

Sunbeam
AUTOMATIC
EGG BOILER
AND POACHER



Boils 1-6 eggs

**NO MORE GUESSWORK
NO MORE SPOILT EGGS**

This marvellous new Sunbeam appliance—first of its kind in Australia—actually *thinks for you* and takes all the guesswork out of cooking eggs. You don't even have to watch—a loud click tells you when your eggs are ready. Boils up to 6 eggs exactly the way you want them—hard, soft or "in-between." Special poacher attachment poaches up to 3 eggs at once... perfectly done, just how you prefer them—better than you've ever tasted before.

Now available at all Sunbeam dealers

Wet-weather play area

By Sydney architect W. J. McMURRAY

Mrs. V. Dawson, of Bankstown, N.S.W., has asked my advice about building a roofed play area at the back of her home for use by children in wet weather.

THE back of Mrs. Dawson's house faces due north, which is an ideal aspect for such a play area. The lightest and most economical type of construction would be necessary to provide a play area large enough for the children's bicycling and other wide-range activities.

To avoid blocking natural light to an existing bedroom, I suggest building the play area at the back of the porch and laundry. It could be connected to the main house by means of a pergola.

The structure I recommend

SKETCH above shows the proposed play area which, although open to light and air, is still protected from the weather. The play area could be adapted for pleasant outdoor living for the whole family.

comprises a simple concrete slab floor and a flat timber roof supported on 6in. by 1 1/2in. studs. This framing could be arranged to allow an open-type trellis to be built on the east to catch the early morning sun.

By using a similar type of framing on the western end, an economical windscreen could be built by lining the framing with plastic-covered wire mesh.

This material has recently become popular as an inexpensive way of providing light. It is cheaper than glass, easier to fix, less likely to be broken, and therefore more suitable for a children's playroom. The material could be secured directly to the framing by means of cover battens tacked straight on to the frame.

The end of the area protected from the westerlies

would be an ideal place for pot-plants and ferns. A roofed area treated in this way could be used for outdoor living at all times of the year.

The roof of the play area could be supported from the eaves of the existing porch and laundry roof. New hardwood beams would be framed with 6in. by 1 1/2in. rafters spaced two feet apart and projecting beyond the beams to make 2ft. eaves all round.

For roofing material I suggest bituminous felt on lin. boarding. The ceiling could be lined with hardwood or asbestos cement sheets as shown in the sketch above.

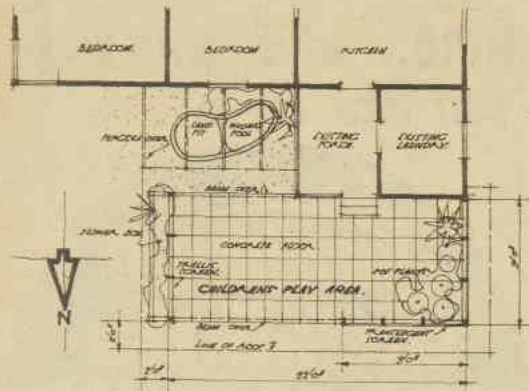
For greater economy the rafters could be exposed and the underside of the boarding and roof framing treated with wood preserving oil for a natural timber finish.

The area under the pergola

could have a combined sand-pit and wading pool for the pre-school child. If built in two shallow compartments, as shown in the sketch at left, it would be easy to flood the

sandpit occasionally to keep it clean.

When no longer needed for the children the pit could be converted easily into an attractive fish pond or lily pool.



FLOOR PLAN of the proposed play area for children. The roofed play area is built on to the back of the porch and laundry so that no light is excluded from the bedroom section of the house. Note the sandpit and pool.

OXYGEN IS ESSENTIAL

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

OXYGEN, the colorless, odorless, and tasteless gas which forms about one-fifth of the air we breathe, is so essential for humans and animals that without it they cannot maintain life for more than a few minutes.

Every expectant mother needs a maximum supply of blood-purifying and life-giving oxygen, not only for her own body but also for her unborn child, which must have oxygen to grow and develop.

It is vitally important that the expectant mother breathes fresh air, both day and night. She should live out of doors as much as possible in the day, and sleep in a well-ventilated room, or, better still, in a sleep-out.

She has to breathe for her

baby until it is born and its own lungs can function.

To ensure a maximum supply of oxygen, deep-breathing exercises in the fresh air should be part of every expectant mother's daily routine.

The mother's blood is purified in her lungs by the breathed-in oxygen, which is carried to all parts of her body in the bloodstream. Part of this supply goes to fulfil the urgent needs of the rapidly developing child.

A leaflet describing this and other essentials for a healthy pregnancy can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service (Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

STOP SAND PAPERING YOUR SINK WITH SANDY CLEANSERS

MAKE THIS TEST!

Pour some sandy cleanser on one side of wet sink. Pour some BON AMI on the other. Then rub each with your fingertips. Feeling is believing!



USE **BON AMI** WITH 'fsp'

IT'S 100% CLEANSER!

Ordinary, sandy cleansers actually scrub off the fine enamel finish of your sink... actually make dirt traps.

BON AMI with 'fsp' cleans...polishes...and protects your sink without scratching...your sink stays clean longer! Its smooth-gliding cleaning action swishes away the dirt and grease completely and leaves a shiny, protective coating to keep your sink clean longer.

BON AMI IS THE CLEANSER RECOMMENDED BY LEADING PLUMBING AND FIXTURE MANUFACTURERS



"We keep our lawns Velvet smooth.."

Gordon and Madge have been in their new home four years now, and already their lawns are a picture. In all they have just on 5,000 square feet of lawns, but it's no chore to keep them immaculately groomed. They can mow the lot in an easy half-hour "walkover" with their Victa Rotomo. Not only are their lawns cut to perfection, but their rotary-action Victa cuts right up to walls, paths, trees and garden borders—doing away with backbreaking edge-trimming by hand. Even the kids like using the Victa.



"We cleared our land of jungle growth.."

You'd never guess it from this picture, but Bob and Vera live in the same street as Gordon and Madge. Bob and Vera are new arrivals and, as you can see, their land was literally a jungle. They anticipated days of backbreaking effort clearing it, but Gordon came to the rescue and lent Bob his Victa. With the Victa it was a walkover... bracken, paspalum, even blackberries were "downed" in no time. Since these photographs were taken Bob has also become the proud owner of a Victa.



all with the same

No other mower, regardless of price, can give you all the advantages of the Victa. The special spring-steel blades never need sharpening, and replacement blades can be obtained for a few shillings at any Victa Agent throughout Australia. The Victa's smooth, rotary-action ejects cut grass and leaves to the right, so that you can literally sweep the lawn as you mow. The cutting height is easily adjustable—you can shave one-eighth of an inch off the finest couch or bent grass, or raise the cutting height to cut into jungle growths. Maintenance is kept to a minimum... there are no parts to oil—even the wheels are self-lubricating. There's power to spare with the VICTA 125 c.c. ENGINE—it develops 2½ h.p. and with Victa's unique snorkel air intake the engine is sealed against grit and grass.

Yes, the Victa Rotomo is the ideal mower for all Australian homes—that's why it is, by far, the biggest seller in Australia to-day. See the Victa in action—ask your local agent for an obligation-free demonstration.

£49.18.

INCLUDING TAX
(slightly higher in some areas)
EASY TERMS ARRANGED



GIVES FULL 18" CUT!

TRIMS CLOSE TO WALLS!

VICTA

18" PETROL ROTOMO

If you'd like full particulars on the Victa Rotomo and the name of your Victa agent, MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

TO:— **VICTA MOWERS PTY. LTD.**
47-51 Parramatta Road, Concord, Sydney, N.S.W. UJ 0251

NAME
ADDRESS

STATE

and advise name of nearest Victa agent.

Some people
still do it
this way...



BUT MODERN HANDS USE

CAN-O-MAT

the streamlined wall can-opener
with a lifetime of
good looks and
good use

You won't use that difficult, sometimes dangerous old-style opener another minute more, once you've seen "dream-kitchen" CAN-O-MAT—the precision wall can-opener that works with a turn of the hand... one hand! CAN-O-MAT will clip to any wall and open any shape and size of can quickly, cleanly, with no risk of cut fingers. And no more fishing in the food for severed lids—a cunning little magnet whisks them away.



A little magnet lifts the lid. Cutting wheel comes out for easy cleaning.

MEMO TO HUSBANDS

Say "Many Happy Returns" with CAN-O-MAT—the anniversary gift that helps her handsomely. CAN-O-MAT, the thoughtful gift!



CAN-O-MAT
BRINGS ITS OWN BEAUTY
TO YOUR KITCHEN... FOR A
LIFETIME OF YEARS!

C.C. Distributors Pty. Ltd., 221 Bridge Road, Glebe, N.S.W. MW 3128.

CC.6.1029



SOOTHE SORE FEET

A-ah! Good to get off those shoes. Now smooth on cool, soothing Vaseline Petroleum Jelly. At all chemists and stores. Economy jar, 3/9—standard jar, 2/3.

"Vaseline" is a registered trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's, Inc.



MELTONIAN

CREAM & SUEDE SHOE DRESSINGS
So good for shoes



All Fashionable Colours

... ALSO IN HAND-TUBES

Savory fish loaf wins £5

● An unusual and appetising salmon loaf wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

THE prize-winning salmon loaf makes a hearty luncheon or dinner dish served hot with extra fried noodles or cold with salad vegetables.

A recipe for mango cake wins a consolation prize of £1. All spoon measurements are level.

CRUNCHY SALMON LOAF

Three cups medium thickness white sauce, 1 16oz. tin cooking salmon, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 4oz. egg noodles, 1 cup chopped blanched almonds (optional), 1 hard-boiled egg, sliced gherkin, parsley.

Cook noodles: Drop into boiling water (salted), cook 5 minutes. Drain and rinse thoroughly, place on a flat tray to dry overnight if possible. Deep fry until golden brown. Use as directed.

Combine 1½ cups of the sauce with egg-yolks, salt, pepper, flaked salmon, onion, noodles, and almonds. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold into salmon mixture. Fill into a greased loaf-tin (8in. x 5in.) and bake in a moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Turn out on to a hot serving dish, decorate top with sliced hard-boiled egg and gherkin. Serve with balance of white sauce and extra cooked noodles. Garnish with parsley.

Note: For an extra crunchy crust, grease tin and dust with brown breadcrumbs before filling with salmon mixture.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Evans, 130 Dawson Street, Cooks Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.

MANGO CAKE

Two ounces butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 egg, ½ cup mango pulp (ripe mangoes only), ½ cup milk, pinch salt, few drops essence lemon.

Cream butter and sugar together; add egg, beat well. Stir in mango pulp and lemon essence, then fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with

milk. Fill into loaf-tin and bake in a moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Cool on cake cooler, ice with passionfruit icing if liked.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. Q. Wood, 21 Stamm Street, Indooroopilly, Qld.

USES FOR VANILLA

● When the label on the bottle reads "pure vanilla," it means the flavor comes only from the vanilla bean, and there is no artificial flavoring.

● Treat vanilla as you would perfume, because it evaporates easily. Keep it tightly lidded, away from direct heat, and in a cool, dark place in your cupboard.

● You can make vanilla sugar the way famous chefs do by keeping a vanilla bean in a large jar of sugar. Use this delicately flavored sugar in custards, puddings, whipped cream, and cream fillings.

● When making frozen desserts, use extra vanilla, because the cold dims your sense of taste, and therefore more flavoring is needed.

● When making cooked candies such as fondant and fudge, always add the vanilla when the mixture has cooled, just before beating.

● For cake-making always add the vanilla when creaming the butter and sugar. This way it becomes more evenly distributed throughout the mixture and is less likely to be forgotten.



SLICES of hard-boiled egg and gherkin fans make an attractive decoration on the prize-winning loaf. See recipe this page.

Kitchen hints . . .

NEXT time you are frying pork chops, dip them into beaten egg, and then in crushed cornflakes. Fry in the usual way. The result is a delicious crispness.

TAKE a vacuum flask of ice-cubes and a bottle of concentrated fruit cordial when picnicking and you will always have an ice-cold drink on hand.

HERE'S a surprise treat for the family. Next time you make rissoles, place a stoned prune in the centre before frying. If they are shaped into small meatballs, a small piece of prune will be sufficient.

WHEN next making scones, cut any remaining dough into small finger-lengths, brush with melted shortening, and sprinkle with chopped salted peanuts. Bake in hot oven 12 minutes.

CORNEd beef can be made more tender by mixing a teaspoon of vinegar with the cooking water. Add a clove of garlic and a bay leaf to improve the flavor.

LIKE nuts all in one piece? Soak them overnight in salted water before cracking.

ENHANCE the flavor of ice-cream by stirring in 2oz. melted caramels (melted over a saucepan of boiling water) after the final beating; freeze in trays. The result is really delicious.

IT'S handy to remember that 1lb. prunes when cooked and pitted will make 3 cups. Serve them with breakfast cereal or stuff them with cream cheese for a salad dessert.

GIVE a lift to a plain baked custard. Smear base of dish with strawberry or raspberry jam. Cover with a layer of chopped tinned fruit and fingers of stale sponge cake. Pour on prepared custard, bake in the usual way.

Joshua Hoyle

* trousseau quality sheets
grand gift—like a posy of
spring flowers in autumn



Joshua Hoyle sheets are the way to any woman's heart... newly engaged, newly married or simply a homemaker who appreciates practical luxury. Give Joshua Hoyle pure-white Hercules sheets, pastel sheet sets, or Nyloblend (cotton and nylon)... all fully guaranteed for five years.

Obtainable from all leading Stores and Warehouses.

Agents: F. G. Hyett & Co., 232 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.
John A. Kenyon Pty. Ltd., 65 York Street, Sydney.

FAMILY DISH

VEAL steak flavored with kidney makes this week's family dish, which costs approximately six shillings and threepence and serves four.

VEAL CASSEROLE

One pound veal steak, fat, 1 kidney, few bacon rinds, 4 shallots or 1 onion, 1 carrot, 4 small potatoes, 1½ cups brown gravy, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste.

Cut steak into lin. cubes and lightly fry in 2 tablespoons hot fat, turning to brown evenly. Drain. Prepare vegetables; thickly slice potatoes, chop shallots or onion, slice carrot. Arrange meat cubes, soaked, skinned, and chopped kidney and prepared vegetables in layers in ovenware dish. Add bacon rinds to gravy with Worcestershire sauce and pour into casserole. Cook in moderate oven with lid on 1 to 1½ hours. Remove bacon rinds and season to taste before serving.

F4459.—Full-skirted nightgown for the 8 to 14 year group. Sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 3 to 4 yards 36in. material and 1-3rd yards 4in. edging. Price 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

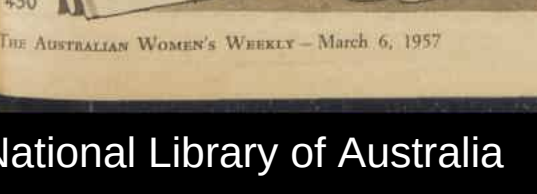
F4460.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make one-piece sleeping-suit. Sizes 1 to 4 years. Requires 1½ to 2 yards 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F4459

F4460

F4465.—Double-breasted, long-sleeved one-piece designed for winter warmth. Sizes 28, 30, 32, and 34in. bust. Requires 2½ to 3½ yards 54in. material and ¼ yard 36in. contrast. Price 3/-.
F4466.—Smartly styled one-piece teenage dress. Sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 2½ to 2¾ yards 54in. material and ¼ yard 36in. contrast. Price 2/6.
F4467.—Double-breasted winter coat. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ to 2½ yards 54in. material and ¼ yard 36in. contrast. Price 2/6.

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 1069, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 429.—MATERNITY SMOCK
Tailored maternity smock obtainable cut out ready to make in floral printed cotton cambric. The color choice includes pastel shades in grey, green, and lemon. All printed on a pink ground. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 34½, 36 and 38in. bust 36½. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 430.—SET OF THREE TEA-TOWELS
The towels are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is white linen with a multi-colored stripe. Sizes: 10in. by 20in. Price 5/11 each, postage 9d. extra. Set of three 16/9, postage and registration 2/3 extra.

No. 431.—INFANT'S LAYETTE
Four-piece layette obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is no-iron pique in white, pastel-blue, pastel-pink, and lemon; also white flannelette. Size: Infants. Pique: Carrying-coat 23½, nightgown 24½, frock 21½, petticoat 16½, complete set 32/-. Flannelette: Carrying-coat 18½, nightgown 19½, frock 17½, petticoat 8½, complete set 62/6. Postage and registration 1/3 extra for carrying-coat, nightgown, and frock; 1/- extra for petticoat; 3/9 extra for complete set.

No. 432.—DUCHESSE SET
Duchesse set featuring an attractive butterfly design is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes cream and white Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 11in. by 17in., small mat 8in. by 10in. Price 8/11. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

432

431

430

New MACLEANS CLEANS TEETH WHITER THAN EVER BEFORE

The whiteness-meter proves it

TEETH 18% WHITER!

Tests with this whiteness-meter show the sensational difference—teeth up to 18% whiter after 'New Macleans'!

MACLEANS have added a remarkable new ingredient to their famous tooth paste formula. Now 'New Macleans' cleans teeth whiter than ever before. The extra whiteness has actually been measured in hundreds of tests with the whiteness-meter.

Brush your teeth with 'New Macleans' and see them getting whiter. That lovely fresh feeling means the cleansing agents are removing dirt, making your teeth whiter and healthier, protecting them against decay. And all with the most delightful flavour ever.



See the sensational difference in teeth after cleaning with NEW Macleans! The whiteness-meter records as much as 18% increase of whiteness!

New Formula

MACLEANS
Peroxide TOOTH PASTE

M. T. Aus. 5/56

Men go for Mustard!

Your menfolk will love flavoury, savoury Keen's Mustard.



...but it must be **Keen's**

VARICOSE VEINS

Send for new
FREE booklet

Featherweight Lastonet Nylons give healthful support to Varicose Veins and are invisible under your ordinary stockings. LASTONET—(combined elastic nylon) stretches in any direction, lightly massaging the leg as it moves, and letting the air circulate freely.

Lastonet



Kneading, 25/6, Trapping, 4/6
AT GOOD CHEMISTS AND SURGICAL HOUSES

PLEASE SEND ME NEW FREE BOOKLET, 'VARICOSE VEINS'

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
W.W.6-2

EAT OUT-OF-DOORS — the easy way

— let the family fix their own sandwiches, salad — on the spot! Made in a jiffy when you pack Kraft Cheddar Cheese.



SEASIDE SALAD:

Pack your picnic hamper with salad foods, bread and Kraft Cheddar. You'll make a fresher, crisper salad — satisfy those hearty seaside appetites with the wonderful nourishment of mellow Kraft Cheddar.



BUSH BARBECUE:

Toasted cheese sandwiches go well with sausages at a barbecue picnic. And another tasty cheese treat is "Picnic Bread", made at home before you set out on the picnic.

Recipe: Rub 1/4 cup softened butter into 1 1/2 cups wholemeal S.R. flour, 1/2 cup S.R. flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup shredded Kraft Cheddar. Add one beaten egg and a cup of milk and beat until smooth. Pour into a greased cake tin. Bake in a hot oven for 25 to 30 minutes. At the barbecue split each piece and toast.

Kraft Cheddar is a bargain in nutrition that is perfect for picnics — gives you and your family body-building protein and valuable milk minerals... plus Vitamins A, B₂ and D. Tastes so good, too — whether you serve it in salads, sandwiches or toasted sandwiches.



Available everywhere in the blue 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, the family-size economy 2-lb. pack, or cut from the 5-lb. loaf.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are in Africa searching for Mandrake's sister, Lenore, who disappeared when she went to discover the secret of the sinister Witchmen's Peak, the place where local witchmen learn their magic. Setting out alone despite warnings, Mandrake and Lothar approach the peak while the beat of the tom-toms warns the witchmen of their coming. On top of the peak, in the witchmen's village, orders are given to destroy Mandrake and Lothar, and two natives with poisoned darts wait for them in ambush. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



GOT THOSE

*fried
onion
blues?*



**Quick!
the Air-wick**

...to sniff in the right place, at the right time, but fried onion fumes and other strong smells have a habit of drifting through the whole house. These (like cabbage), they hang about until they're just a stale, re-absorbable reek.
You can stop any smell at its source! Just open your bottle of Air-wick and pull up the wick. Immediately, Air-wick's 125 natural air-freshening compounds, plus chlorophyll, go to work—give you garden fresh air. Remember, for less than one penny per day...



**AIRWICK
KILLS
SMELLS
FAST!**

**soothes itching
HAEMORRHOIDS
quickly!**

Are you suffering the torture of haemorrhoids? Then here's new hope for you! DOAN'S OINTMENT will quiet the itching QUICKLY—soothe and lubricate the tender tissues with special antiseptic ingredients and bring you welcome relief. DOAN'S OINTMENT has been used successfully for over 50 years—and it's oh, so gentle! Don't put up with distressing haemorrhoids any longer. Ask for DOAN'S OINTMENT at any chemist or store today.

**THE
BEST COOKS**



For delicious, non-fattening recipes, buy *The Australian Women's Weekly Low Calorie Cookbook*, on sale at all newsagents, price 1/6. It contains a complete calorie chart.

TEENA by *Lilla Terry*



HAVE YOU SEEN THESE STATISTICS ON THIS SCHOOL? TWENTY BOYS TO EVERY GIRL!!

THE ONLY TROUBLE IS ALL THEY TEACH IS ENGINEERING. WELL...THERE ARE SOME THINGS I'D LIKE TO LEARN HOW TO ENGINEER...



HERE'S AN ALL-GIRLS' SCHOOL, BUT THERE ARE THREE BIG COLLEGES FOR MEN NEAR-BY!

—AND ALL MEN TEACHERS TOO!



—HOW 'BOUT THIS ONE... THE SCHOOL A LOT OF THE MOVIE ACTORS COME OUT OF.

UHUH... NOT BAD!



WOW! LOOK AT THIS FOOTBALL TEAM!! EVERY ONE A PERFECT DOLL!

MMM... EVEN THE COACH!

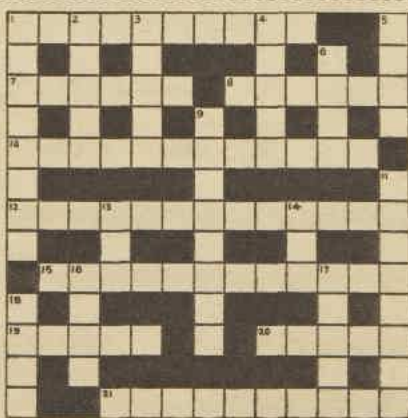


GOSH! ISN'T COLLEGE MARVELOUS?! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW ANY GIRL CAN WANT TO QUIT SCHOOL TO GET MARRIED....

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. He was a great American; yet his name was nothing (10).
7. You or a University lecturer (6).
8. Such file is single (6).
10. Memorable as date of joyful occurrence (3, 6, 3).
12. Once the name of Venice, when the groom was the Adriatic (5, 2, 3, 3).
15. Memo of a housewife (8, 4).
19. Sweet smell of a capital city in Europe (5).
20. The lowest one is untouchable (5).
21. Pegs on a hem (Anagr. 10).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN



1. Watch a gown in a cupboard (8).
2. A holy man and a place where the cabs wait for hire (5).
3. Her name means peace, yet her head is full of anger (5).
4. A full-grown errand-boy hides the possessor (5).
5. English county the Scots know to begin with (4).
6. Bean from South America (4).
9. Gilt fins (Anagr. 8).
11. Fierce, spotted, carnivorous quadrupeds (8).
13. You must be in the centre to do music for two (3).
14. Measure carried by goss-pellers (3).
16. If you do it you walk (4).
17. He prepared the wild duck (5).
18. Spin it, it may make a good story (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

New Iridescent Broom
makes sweeping a JOY!



What a pity this illustration can't show you "REGAL SWEEP" in all its REAL glory

A BROOM THAT GREETES YOU WITH GLOWING COLOUR. You'll be charmed, captivated by "Regal Sweep's" entirely new-type bristles. In glorious iridescent shades of Blue Haze, Rose Mist and Golden Spray—offset by jet black stock and handle. This is a broom you'll love to own, love to use. Make a point of seeing "Regal Sweep" in all its shimmering beauty... soon.

THE BRISTLES NEVER LOSE SHAPE
Under test this broom was left standing overnight with a heavy weight on its back. Despite this unusually severe treatment the bristles regained their shape within an hour. "Regal Sweep" will give you far longer service, far better value, than any broom you've ever used.

FLUFFED ENDS ATTRACT DUST and DIRT
With "Regal Sweep" you'll sweep faster, easier than ever before. The soft, fluffed bristle tips actually attract dirt, dust and lint. The bristles brush clean in a jiffy, and when desired, can be washed in warm soapy water.

YOU MUST SEE

Regal Sweep by **(SABCO)**
WITH MATCHING BANNISTER BRUSHES
AT LEADING HARDWARE STORES & GENERAL MERCHANTS



DON'T BE A PATCHED MAN —
BE A MATCHED MAN
in the new American-styled
matched work clothes

CANT-TEAR-EM

SANFORIZED

MATCHED

**SHIRTS AND
PANTS**

Wear CANT-TEAR-EM matched work clothes and look smart on the job. Shirts are of fine twill drill and Pants of heavy duty drill. All sizes up to 50 inch waist and chest.

In FIVE matching colours:
KHAKI • GREY • NAVY
FAWN • JUNGLE GREEN

* Unconditionally Guaranteed



VARICOSE VEINS?
get all the EXTRA benefits of
Scholl
2-WAY STRETCH
SURGICAL HOSIERY
Seamless and all but invisible. Exclusive ribbed elastic top gives greatest comfort and relief. Throughout entire length, right to the top, the stocking gives self-adjusting, scientifically accurate support. Ribbed instep gives complete foot comfort. World-famous Scholl Surgical Hosiery is cool, soft, non-irritating, ventilated. Available at Chemists, Surgical Suppliers, Stores and Scholl Depots.
Also—Scholl **NYLON** Surgical Hosiery

*Often
battered
never
bettered*



Only
Arnott's
make
Sao (REGD.) Biscuits

For economy and convenience, always keep a tin in the house.
There is no Substitute for Quality.